THE POEMS OF SIR WALTER RALEGH

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THE POEMS OF SIR WALTER RALEGH

Edited by

AGNES M. C. LATHAM

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I

GENERAL INTRODUCTION AND TEXT

INTRODUCTION

I

It is difficult to believe in Sir Walter Ralegh. There is and always has been something legendary, something fantastic and not quite credible about him. Even to his contemporaries he seemed a man of more than normal stature : so monstrously proud, so dangerously subtle, and in the end so horribly wronged. They never viewed him calmly as a fellow-creature, with flaws and talents like their own and a like fate. They must either execrate or laud him, as though, whatever he was, he was in excess of the common. He might have walked out of an Elizabethan play, a figment of the renaissance-imagination, compact of inordinate vices and virtues and destined to strange ends. Even the Queen could not resist his spell, and marked him out for her especial favours. And King James, as wholeheartedly, pursued him with an immoderate hate.

His success, when he finally came to success, was so startling that a diversity of stories has been invented to explain it. And none of them do explain it. He did not spread his cloak in a puddle, but he did much more extraordinary things. He held manifold honours and went through bitter disgraces. He developed lands in Ireland and prospected for gold in South America ; was a soldier, a sailor and a member of Parliament ; wrote poetry, history and treatises on political economy. He tried a hundred things, and whatever he did he did brilliantly.

But Ralegh, with his unquestionable brilliance and power, is yet a lonely and an enigmatic figure. Of all those curious dead-and-gone folk, who hide we know not

what of human passion and desire behind the scant memorials and alien manners of the sixteenth century, he is the most baffling. He led no movement, had no party, aimed at heaven knows what. Although he distinguished himself in so many ways of life, everything he did seems to have been tainted by a curious impermanence ; to have had something sketchy and amateurish about it. Not one of his Virginian expeditions succeeded, and his schemes for Guiana came to nothing. His history was never finished and his poetry is lost. It is as though all his power was vested in himself, in his compelling individuality ; he could not depute it. Whatever he turned his hand to sparkled at his touch, but let him abandon it, and at once the fire was out. His greatness is impossible to deny but strangely difficult to assess, such is the evanescence of that fierce bright flame, personality.

Ralegh, who lived more fully than almost any man we know, has become a figure of legend. His daemon was too wild and high, too *insolent* a spirit to prompt him to leaden and enduring labours, building of low walls to which the next generation might reach without effort to lay fresh courses. He planned skiey palaces and mapped new worlds ; and his contemporaries, of less vaulting mind, could make nothing of them. He was not a man of achievement but a man of promise, a quickening spirit. His world is, and was, the world of the creative imagination.

To such a man poetry is perhaps not the chief end of life ; but it is as natural as breathing.

II

Ralegh was born about 1552, at Hayes Barton in Devonshire, the son of a country gentleman who had made no particular mark in the world. Some time in his teens he went up to Oriel College, Oxford, where it is not

recorded that he took a degree, but it is recorded that having no money to buy a gown of his own he borrowed someone else's and did not return it. Of the next ten years, the formative years of his life, we know very little beyond the fact that he fought in the French Wars of Religion and in the Irish campaigns of Lord Grey ; neither of them very inspiriting from the English point of view. At one time, February 1575, his name was entered on the registers of the Middle Temple, and in 1578 he was described in the Middlesex registers as 'Walter Ralegh Esq. de Curia'. He must have been making friends at Court, but he cut no figure there till his return from Ireland in 1582.

There is more than one story that professes to account for his sudden rise to favour, but they are fairy-tale chances and lean on the logic of day dreams. The most credible asks us to imagine him a pawn pushed forward in someone else's game of preferment and seizing the opportunity for his own. One thing is certain, his success was of his own making, a triumph of personality. He came from the mud of obscure campaigns to the most brilliant court in Europe, a plain captain, and for ten years that court held no more brilliant figure than his. From 1582 till 1592 he was the reigning favourite, consulted on matters of policy, courted for the furtherance of personal ambitions, the recipient of honours, monopolies and estates. He could spend a king's ransom on a jewel for his shoe ; and sink a fortune to found an English colony in Virginia. There is a picture of him in the National Portrait Gallery as he must have looked about this time—handsome, dark-haired, delicately coloured, his garments gleaming with the discreet sheen of silver and pearls ; haughty, ambitious, exuberant ; the best hated man in England because of his 'naeve of pride'. Without the traditions of a great house behind him, he had to create his own legend and he did it magnificently. He was at home with

magnificence, that renaissance virtue in whose praise Spenser wrote *The Faerie Queene*. Everything he did was done with an air. There was to be no possibility of mistaking him for an ordinary man.

His supremacy went undisputed till, in 1587, Essex arrived at court. Then Ralegh's many enemies were quick to predict his fall. But his picturesque splendour was not seriously diminished. When the Queen, for some reason unknown to us, looked upon him with temporary disfavour, he wrote a poem in ten books to praise her and won back her goodwill. It was not till 1592 that he met with serious disgrace. As captain of the Yeomen of the Guard he was thrown much into the company of the maids of honour, and about this time one of them, Elizabeth Throckmorton, became his wife. The story as Camden tells it, and he is about the only person who does tell it, is that the marriage was forced upon him by the Queen because he had wronged her lady. He had departed early in the year in command of an expedition to Panama, to seize the Spanish treasure ships, and on an order to turn back we find him writing to Cecil, ' I mean not to cume away, as they say I will, for feare of a marriage, and I know not what. If any such thing weare, I would have imparted it unto yoursealf before any man livinge ; and, therefore, I pray believe it not, and I beseich yow to suppress, what you can, any such mallicious report. For I protest before God, ther is none, on the face of the yearth, that I would be fastned unto '.

But lying was a sixteenth-century accomplishment, and there *was* a marriage. Sir Martin Frobisher was dispatched to take the command, and Ralegh was cast into the Tower. Here, by feigning an extravagant frenzy, he tried to reconcile himself with the Queen, only to find her mood had changed since the days when ten books of poetry sufficed to reinstate him. It was not till the end of the year that a Spanish carrick, captured by the Panama expedition,

supplied him with means to buy his release. And even when he was free, he was not for five years received again at court. This was a long disgrace, and the Queen's rigour is not easy to understand. She was not usually so exacting where the morals of her favourites were concerned. The cause of it all, Elizabeth Throckmorton, was an intelligent and charming woman, a beloved and loving wife, and a comfort to her husband through all his misfortunes.

After 1592 Ralegh, less of a courtier, is more of a man. To be the Queen's favourite he had had to sacrifice something of his independence. But his was not the temperament to bear disgrace patiently. He fretted and gloomed. 'His heart is broken', wrote Cecil in 1592, 'as he is extremely pensive, unless he is busied, in which he can toil terribly'. In 1595 he set off on a voyage of exploration to Guiana and returned with high hopes. He had annexed a great and gorgeous kingdom, as rich as it was beautiful. The Queen could not fail to interest herself in it and in its discoverer. But she would neither see him, nor grant him money to pursue his schemes of colonization. And because he had not loaded himself with plunder, Spanish fashion, his honesty was called in question. They said he had never been to Guiana at all.

His next adventure was in 1596, a successful expedition against Cadiz, in which he covered himself with glory, and won the friendship of many who had been his enemies. 'Sir Walter Ralegh's service', wrote Carew, 'was so much praiseworth as those which were formerly his enemies do now hold him in great estimation; for that which he did in the sea service could not be bettered'. But his own view was that he had had a poor return for his pains. 'I have not been wanting in good words', he writes, 'or exceeding kind and regardful usage, but I have possession of nought but poverty and pain'. With his new friend Essex, however, he was able to reconcile his old friend Cecil, and

Cecil, in token of gratitude, obtained leave to bring him to the Palace. All three were deep in plans for attacking Spain, which led in 1597 to a voyage to the Azores to intercept the treasure ships, and to a quarrel between Essex and Ralegh, who could never remain long on good terms. This time, instead of helping Essex to glory, Ralegh performed the creditable actions single-handed. But the quarrel did him no harm. As things fell out, Essex would have been a dangerous friend to keep. In 1601 Ralegh was giving evidence at the trial that sent his rival to the block. He was a power again. The Queen had appointed him Governor of Jersey. He was speaking in Parliament for free trade, religious toleration and the repeal of monopolies.

But the old regime was breaking up. It was plain the Queen was failing, and all schemers for advancement looked to the Scottish court. Ralegh began to gather what strength he could about him, to impress the coming sovereign with a proper sense of his importance. He had new hopes with the new century, and was quite unconscious that there was black trouble brewing for him. King James, cautious, pacific and mean-minded, was not a man to whom he could possibly have commended himself or who could have found any use for his rare qualities. And since one man's ruin is the next man's chance, there were plenty of people ready to hint at villainy ; so that the more friends Ralegh gathered about him the more he convinced King James of his capacity for mischief. Of all this Ralegh himself had no inkling. Least of all did he realize that his close friend and chief strength, Robert Cecil, felt that the times had made them rivals and would not be sorry to see him go by the board. And without Cecil's support Ralegh was defenceless. He had always played a lone hand ; was not deeply concerned in the government, had no powerful kinsmen, no popular following. If he fell, he brought no one else with him.

Soon after the King's accession Lord Cobham and his brother George Brook, arrested on a charge of high treason, implicated Ralegh. Cobham, fighting wildly for his life, said one thing to one person and another to the next, affirmed one day what he denied the day after. But Ralegh was lost upon the first denouncing. Innocence was going to avail him nothing, nor the absence of legal proofs of guilt. He realized he was trapped, without even a sane accusation to counter. Frantic for the moment, he seized a table-knife and tried to kill himself, so that his child should not be disinherited as the son of a convicted traitor. In November 1603 he was brought to trial upon a charge of conspiring with the Spaniards to bring England under a Roman Catholic monarchy. They might more truthfully have accused him of contempt for established religions and the rights of the King of Spain. His trial was a shameful mockery, where his friends gave evidence against him. He was harried and shouted down and grossly insulted. It sickened even his enemies. The courage, the dignity and the resource with which he faced it won all hearts. He was condemned to death and acclaimed as a martyr by the pitying populace.

The date of the execution was fixed for 13th December, and Ralegh took a last farewell of his wife and prepared himself for death. 'You shall receave, deare wief', he wrote, 'my last words in these my last lynes. My love I send you, that you may keepe it when I am dead; and my councell, that you may remember it when I am noe more. I would not, with my last Will, present you with sorrowes, deare Besse. Lett them goe to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this lief, beare my destruccion gentlie and with a hart like yourself.

'First, I send you all the thanks my hart cann conceive, or my penn expresse, for your many troubles and cares taken for me, which—though they have not taken effect as

you wished—yet my debt is to you never the lesse ; but pay it I never shall in this world.

' Secondlie, I beseich you, for the love you bare me living, that you doe not hide yourself many dayes, but by your travell seeke to helpe your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poore childe. Your mourning cannot avayle me that am but dust. . . .

' Remember your poore childe for his father's sake, that comforted you and loved you in his happiest tymes. . . . And know itt (deare wief) that your sonne is the childe of a true man, and who, in his own respect, despiseth Death, and all his misshapen and ouglie formes.

' I cannot wright much. God knowes howe hardlie I stole this tyme, when all sleep ; and it is tyme to separate my thoughts from the world. Begg my dead body, which living was denyed you. . . . I can wright noe more. Tyme and Death call me awaye. . . . Your's that was ; but nowe not my owne, W. Ralegh '.

Cobham and his confederates were to die on 10th December. When the day came they were pardoned on the scaffold, a piece of disgraceful melodrama staged by King James, and the pardon was extended to Ralegh who was confined in the Tower. He might well have been a broken man, but he was not. He settled down to write a *History of the World* from the Creation to his own day. And when he was not doing that he was conducting chemical experiments in a lean-to under the Tower wall, with the modest object of discovering a panacea. With the *History* he hoped to win the approval of his learned sovereign, who condemned it as ' too saucy in censuring the acts of kings '. The panacea he administered to the heir-apparent, lying sick of a mortal fever, and brought him back to consciousness but not to life. It was this prince who said of Ralegh's imprisonment, ' only my father would keep such a bird in a cage ', and it was because of his death that Ralegh brought the first volume of his

History to an end with a quotation from the book of Job, and had not the heart to start another. Prince Henry was working with his mother, Anne of Denmark, for the prisoner's release, and had he lived the end might have been different. But he died in 1612, and Ralegh, who never despaired of freedom, was left to his own resources.

He had never forgotten Guiana, the rich and secret Western land. Its unworked mines, its lovely woods, its gentle people haunted him. He had dreams of buying his freedom from James with a golden city as he had bought it from Elizabeth with the Spanish carrick. The Queen had always turned a deaf ear to his talk of ingots and native princes and men whose heads did not grow upon their shoulders, but he persisted in his efforts to interest the king, and in 1616 he was released, on the intercession of the favourite Buckingham, to prepare an expedition to the gold mines of Guiana. Only the terms of release were impossible. He was pledged to keep the peace with Spain while he robbed Spanish territory ; for though they made nothing of its resources, the Spaniards considered that Guiana, like the rest of the New World, was theirs by the grace of God and the Pope.

In 1617 the expedition set off and ill-luck dogged it ; storms and calms and pestilence board ship. Ralegh had told the Indians that he was the ambassador of a great Princess and would come again to deliver them from Spanish tyranny ; now he was a prisoner on parole. He fell sick with a fever, and was unable to command his men. They went up country without him, led by Keymis, the only one who had ever seen the fabled mine. But they never found it. Instead there was the inevitable brush with the Spaniards and Ralegh's son was killed. Keymis, by permitting the fight, had signed his commander's death-warrant ; for the King had changed the old, aggressive policy and was all for a Spanish marriage. And the peace had been broken to no purpose. There was no gold mine.

When Ralegh reproached him, Keymis took a knife and killed himself.

'I was loathe to write', Ralegh says, sending news to his wife of the boy's death, 'because I knewe not how to comforte you; and, God knowes, I never knewe what sorrow meant till nowe. . . . Comfort your hart (deerest Besse), I shall sorrow for us bothe. I shall sorrow the lesse, because I have not longe to sorrowe, because I have not longe to live . . . my braynes are broken, and it is a torment for mee to write, and espetially of misery. . . . There was never poore man soe exposed to the slaughter as I was . . . I am sure there is never a base slave in the fleete hath taken the paines and care that I have done; hath sleppt so little, and travilled soe much.'

In the spring of 1618 the *Destiny* set sail for England, where in the autumn of the same year Ralegh was beheaded, not upon a new charge but upon the old conviction of 1603. Everyone knew that he was being sacrificed to placate the Spaniards, against whom he had never failed to fight as his country's bitterest enemies. And everyone knew that the charge upon which he had been convicted was one of conspiring with Spain. Always a *poseur*, he jested on his way to the scaffold and a friend reproved him. 'It is my last mirth in this world', he replied, 'do not grudge it me. When I come to the sad parting you shall see me grave enough'. He met his death with great dignity and courage, and it seemed to people that it was a horrible and shameful thing.

III

It is typical of the man that he should have been known among his contemporaries as one of the foremost poets of the day, but has left posterity little to supplement their assurances. He never published his poems during his life

time, nor were they collected after his death. It is for this reason that we possess so few of them, and those few of dubious authenticity and uncertain text. He was not the only poet of his time who would have no dealings with the press. A brilliant man then liked to be known as a good poet much as his modern fellow might like to be known as a good conversationalist, and would as little have thought of taking money for his poetry as a raconteur to-day would think of hiring himself out as a public entertainer. To publish at all was bad form, smacking of professionalism. A gentleman had to play the cultured amateur and only 'importunate friends' could drive him to the indecency of appearing in naked print. It was a tyrannous affectation, and Puttenham, for one, complained bitterly about it. 'I know very many notable Gentlemen in the Court', he says, 'that haue written commendably, and suppressed it agayne, or els suffred it to be publisht without their owne names to it: as if it were a discredit for a Gentleman, to seeme learned and to shew him selfe amorous of any good Art'. As a result of this shrinking from print the greater part of the poems of Donne and Fulke Greville were not published till after the author's death, Shakespeare's sonnets are known only in a pirated edition, Ayton's songs have survived in two unauthorized and badly written manuscripts, and the verses of such men as Ralegh, Dyer and the Earl of Oxford are lost almost beyond recovery.

Ralegh was notoriously a proud man, but his pride was not of a fearful and finicking kind, nor was he bound by the conventions of his time. It is difficult to imagine him refraining from publishing lest it should discredit him. He took a delight in doing differently from other people, and his attitude to common opinion was largely one of defiance. If he did not publish it was precisely for this reason; because he cared nothing for the commonalty and had no desire for poetic fame outside the courtly circle in which

he moved. He was not, like Spenser, pre-eminently a poet. His poetry was no part of his public character, but something essentially intimate and private. It was connected with his fantastic courtship of the Queen, a way in which she encouraged him to devote his energies to her service. If he played with lover-like phrases, a little preciously, with a gallant, secretive air, or poured out prayers and reproaches with a suppressed and bitter passion, neither was for the public ear. Spenser used his poetry to further his own ends ; but his ambition was to be recognized as England's great poet. Ralegh's verses were a personal appeal, a part of that strange charm with which he won the Queen's favour, a spiritual adornment, a manifestation of riches and beauty, like his pale satins and the pearl eardrops he wore in his ears. It was not the custom of his class to publish, and there was no incentive for him to break the rule.

But it is strange that the work of a poet who ranked so highly among his contemporaries, and whose name acquired a romantic fascination for posterity, could have been lost almost completely. It would be natural to expect a posthumous publication on the part of some enterprising printer. Possibly Ralegh's reputation as a poet was overshadowed by his later reputation as a historian and a political martyr, but it seems more reasonable to suppose that if his manuscripts had been accessible, they would have been offered to a public always avid for relics of the great. What happened to them and why they were not accessible is beyond the reach of conjecture. They may have been destroyed by Ralegh himself, reminding him too poignantly of happier days, or by his enemies, scenting treason and atheism in any papers he had written, or by pure accident, in ignorance of their worth. That they were destroyed is only too plain ; and Ralegh's poems must be sought laboriously in all kinds of uncertain literary by-ways of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The details

of this scantily paid search I have reserved for a textual appendix.

In so many ways typical of his age, in poetry Ralegh stands curiously, if not incomprehensibly, apart from the ruck. He is thoughtful and melancholy, personal and passionate, and these last two qualities, which to some of us *are* poetry, were not common in the sixteenth century lyric. The typical Elizabethan poem contains no jot of personal emotion : as often as not it is translated from a Frenchman, who had it from an Italian, who found it in Plato ; and the author is perhaps a literary hack, like Robert Greene, living squalidly—and for all that the poem is as fresh as a flower. It is baffling and beautiful : baffling because it is beautiful and nothing else. Thought is not permitted to distort it nor feeling to betray it into incoherencies.

When by chance the sheer beauty of the Elizabethans is allied in equal degree with thought and feeling, the result is that perfection of poetry attained in some of Shakespeare's sonnets and rarely elsewhere. But Spenser is the typical Elizabethan, and his qualities are those of clarity, tranquillity and decorative effect. His poetry is overlaid, as it were, with a glaze of pure beauty, his visions lapped in a crystalline atmosphere, steeped in a still, bright light. They are not visionary in the sense that they are cloudy and vague. They are, for the moment you see them, clear-cut and coloured. Only they are remote. You can run your fingers over the glaze, and everywhere it is smooth and even. You cannot touch them any more than you can touch the world of images seen in a mirror. It was just this glaze of beauty that Donne put stones through at the end of the century, shattering it past all mending. Whereby English poetry lost one thing, if it gained another.

Ralegh was not, like Donne, a rebel against the cult of beauty, but he put his personal feelings before his aesthetic sense. He was not content to say the common things

exquisitely, but wrestled to express the thoughts that really stirred him, the emotions he was actually feeling, with the result that his poetry is sometimes obscure and restless, disfigured by abrupt turns, ellipsis and anacoluthon. And sometimes it has the compensating virtues of sincerity and a rare poignancy.

It is not that he could not be, he often was, as artificial as anyone. *Your face*, *Your tongue*, *Your wit* and *Fayne woulde I but I dare not* are extreme examples of the Elizabethan preoccupation with external form, appealing to the intellect and not to the imagination. One does not wish them unwritten, but when so little of Ralegh's verse has survived one wishes the common-place collectors had preferred poetry to wit. Much of Ralegh's early work, such verse as is in *The Phoenix Nest*, is marred by mechanical conceits, a manipulating of words and juggling with phrases, which is clever, which is pretty, but which leaves untroubled those wells below consciousness to which poetry should penetrate by ' ways not distinctly traceable to the understanding '.

His poems are not always original. Sometimes, in the case for instance of *Like to a Hermite poore*, one suspects a foreign source. Yet even here, comparing his version with Lodge's, it is not difficult to detect the deeper note. There is something fuller, something weightier, in what Ralegh writes. His poems have not the lightness of the lyric of the day but carry their burden of reflection. *Wrong not, deare Empresse of my Heart* has so much of the poetical ratiocination of the age to come that it is difficult to believe the evidence of the manuscripts which assign it to the sixteenth century. *Conceipt begotten by the eyes* expresses serious thought in lyric form. And better than anywhere else, in the *Answer to Marlowe*, set side by side with its charming original, we hear Ralegh's graver, sadder tone ; not less poetical because it is less care-free.

His melancholy was partly natural and partly brought

about by the circumstances of his life, which were cruel enough to embitter any man. In a time when human existence was a more uncertain affair than it is to-day, he seemed to be the very type of fortune's plaything. Something of what he felt about his own tragic chances is in the most naked poem he wrote, *The Pilgrimage*, in the abrupt and bitter verses of *The Lie* and the sombre prose of *The History of the World*. Life to him seemed to offer nothing certain but sorrow ; beauty that fades and friends that fail and hopes that are darkened. And yet ' by reason of that unhappy fantasie of ours ' we must be always stretching out to joys. He did not call it sour because he had never enjoyed the fullness of it. Just because he threw himself so wholeheartedly into all it had to offer, he was almost morbidly aware of its transience. He had run the gamut of experience, and for this very reason he knew how beauty is never more keenly apprehended than in the moment that emphasizes its inevitable decay, that light shows never brighter than between two darknesses. He begins a love-song, and the last verse is an epitaph.

A characteristic gravity is often allied with restraint. It stands to reason that a man who is as much interested in what he has to say, as in the manner in which he is going to say it, will not be without certain shynesses and reticences, will know the value of silence and have the advantages which come of stopping short sometimes of full expression. By virtue of his sincerity Ralegh often escapes the besetting sin of the Elizabethans, the over-elaborating of an empty theme, the dwelling to tediousness upon a trifling conceit. He has a terseness, never better illustrated than in some of the verse translations in *The History of the World*. No one has dealt more neatly with Catullus :

> The Sunne may set and rise :
> But we contrariwise
> Sleepe after our short light
> One euerlasting night.

The translations witness, too, his dignified and noble manner in poetry. He can render a difficult piece of Virgil with some fair shadowing of the metaphysical magnificence of the original :

> The heauen, the earth, and all the liquid mayne,
> The Moones bright Globe, and Starres Titanian,
> A Spirit within maintaines : and their whole Masse,
> A Minde, which through each part infus'd doth passe,
> Fashions, and workes, and wholly doth transpierce
> All this great body of the Vniuerse.

When he is translating and not deeply moved by his subject he shows a remarkable technical efficiency. It is surprising compared with the confusions of his own *Cynthia*, and even more surprising compared with the clumsiness of the majority of his contemporaries when they are translating verse.

Some of the best of the poetry that has survived has a formal and therefore necessarily a restrained character. Such are the commendatory sonnets to Spenser and to the translator of Lucan, the *Petition to Queene Anne* and the elegy on Sidney. It takes a really good poet to write good poetry for the gracing of a formal occasion. If he is shallow, if his inspiration is spasmodic or his atmosphere rare, commendatory verse will find him out. But the sonnet on *The Faerie Queene* has been as much admired as anything Ralegh wrote, and that on Lucan is not any less fine. The elegy on Sidney is written with such an austere economy that almost any one of its quatrains is an epitaph in itself.

At times the restraint comes near to constraint. This is particularly noticeable in the *Petition to Queen Anne* with its grudging rhyme scheme and abrupt metre. There is something of the same feeling in *The Lie*, a hardness amounting at times to harshness.

> Tell zeale it wants deuotion
> tell loue it is but lust,

Tell time it meets but motion
tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not replie
for thou must giue the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
tell honour how it alters.
Tell beauty how she blasteth
tell fauour how it falters
And as they shall reply,
giue euery one the lie.

It is characteristic of Ralegh. His lines do not often interlock, nor are his harmonies commonly sustained. His fondness for the quatrain and couplet shows a tendency to epigram, and the movement of his verse is often an abrupt snip-snap, emphasized by constant recourse to alliteration and antithesis.

A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

So fond Desire when it attaines,
The life expires, the woe remaines.

But Time which nature doth despise,
and rudely giues her loue the lye,
makes hope a foole, and sorrow wise,
his hands doth neither wash, nor dry,
But being made of steele and rust,
turnes snow, and silke, and milke to dust.

He has a fancy for feminine rhymes, such as he uses in *The Lie* and *Wrong not, deare Empresse of my Heart*, and these are responsible in part for the metallic tinkle that gets into his verse. It is noticeable that the half-rhymes of *Cynthia* are all words ending with a metrically redundant syllable which would sate the ear if they rhymed fully.

It is risky, dealing with such fragmentary material, to try and trace any developments in technique, and I am perhaps mistaken in supposing that conceited and rather mechanical poems like *Calling to minde* and derivative poems such as *Like to a Hermite poore* are characteristic of

Ralegh's earlier verse, whereas *The Pilgrimage* and the *Petition to Queen Anne* illustrate a maturer manner, intensely personal and sincere. If, however, such poems as we possess are a fair representation of Ralegh's work at different periods, then some such change does seem to come over it ; and with the change in spirit comes a corresponding change, a subtilizing and enriching, in his way of using imagery.

There are two ways of using metaphor in poetry. One is intended to stimulate excitement in the reader and the other is the result of excitement in the writer. Ralegh uses it in the first way in his early poems, in *Now what is Loue ?* and *Farewell false loue, the oracle of lyes.* But for all that it is singularly charming, especially in the second poem : for all that it is singularly apt, and therefore intellectually pleasing, the metaphor is external ; an adornment rather than a means of expression. It partakes of the nature of a trick, a trick beloved of every Elizabethan who ever sought to prettify the theme of love. But the other kind of metaphor, creative metaphor, does not depend for its effect upon any obvious prettiness. The thing chosen for the implied comparison may have no sort of charm before the comparison is made. Its beauty is not borrowed from the symbol it employs ; it is essential in the product, irrelevant in the component parts. Shakespeare will use that notoriously unlovely thing, legal procedure, to illuminate a tender phrase :

> When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought
> I summon up remembrance of things past. . . .

and

> Farewell thou art too dear for my possessing
> And like enough thou knowest thy estimate.

With Ralegh it is :

> My dayes delights, my springetyme ioies fordvnn,
> which in the dawne, and risinge soonn of youth
> had their creation, and weare first begvnn,

do in the yeveninge, and the winter sadd
present my minde, which takes my tymes accompt
the greif remayninge of the ioy it had.

Often it is outside the sphere of common logic, being rooted in emotion, and it gives Ralegh's poetry at times an oddly modern turn in its appeal beyond reason to obscurer, older and more intimate modes of apprehension.

To come to *Cynthia* desiring logic, form and coherence, is to be disappointed. The poem as a whole has no form and no sequence, and in places it has no plain meaning. It is a fragment, a continuation of ten earlier books which are lost. If we had them they would probably clear up some of its difficulties. It is unfinished : not only unrevised but in more than one place broken off in the middle of a sentence and abandoned. It gives the impression of having been composed at high speed. Though mainly in quatrains, there are lines dropped here or added there, and sometimes a strange entanglement among the rhyme-words. It represents Ralegh in his obscurest mood, unable to cope with the tide of his own wild rhetoric. One idea runs into another, spreads, branches, blossoms, only to droop suddenly and end, in a few broken syllables, or as suddenly to be cut off with an unexpected ellipsis. The reader must be content with a beautiful confusion, and it is not possible to predict how far any one person will be moved by the beauty and how far distracted by the confusion. There are coherent passages of a great, if uneasy splendour, and there are odd lines which haunt the memory :

like to a fallinge streame which passinge sloe
is wovnt to nurrishe sleap, and quietnes . . .

but that the thoughts, and memores of thees
worke a relapps of passion, and remayne
of my sadd harte the sorrow suckinge bees . . .

a springe of bewties which tyme ripeth not
tyme that butt workes onn frayle mortallety

a sweetness which woes wronges outwipeth not
whom love hath chose for his devinnitye

A vestall fier that burnes, but never wasteth
that looseth nought by gevinge light to all
that endless shines eachwher and endless lasteth
blossvmes of pride that cann nor vade nor fall . . .

But *Cynthia* is a promise of what Ralegh could do, or a sign of what he had done ; of his rich, curious mind, and his power to coin phrases and images ; it is not an achievement.

Poetry was, I suppose, one of his least serious pursuits, and a poem was cast aside when it had satisfied the impulse of the moment, imperfect perhaps and hasty ; if it was taken up again it was not to be repolished but to be refashioned altogether. There was nothing irrevocable to him about anything he had written. He never took such pains to make it just so that he could not, on another occasion, make it over again otherwise. So a poem that began by being addressed to Queen Elizabeth might end by being addressed to Anne of Denmark. Since he never gave them to the public he could be as free with his poems as with his personal belongings. And he was very careless with them. But it is not fair to judge him by the ragged collection I have been able to make here, with every doubtful point emphasized. It was worth making, because in it there is charming poetry ; and because the author was a truly great man. To the literary historian it is perhaps disappointing, because of its slight bulk and its dubious and inchoate character. It is impossible to trace in it, with any certainty, Ralegh's poetic development and his relation to his contemporaries : impossible to sum him up at all definitely. Something, however, can be hazarded.

The poem in commendation of *The Steele Glas* shows how he began, and is chiefly interesting because he finished so very far away from it. If it were not there, and undoubtedly his, nobody would be likely to risk the conjecture

that he started in 1576 in the heavy school of Edwards and Gascoigne, when some ten years later he was capable of writing the elegy on Sidney. Nor, if we did not possess both poems, could we imagine him progressing from the *Elegy on Sidney* to *The Pilgrimage*. The change that took place between 1576 and 1586 is attributed by Sir Edmund Gosse to the publication of *The Shepheards Calender* in 1579. The phrase in the sonnet on *The Faerie Queene*, ' Obliuion laid him downe on Laura's herse ', he takes to mean that Ralegh was renouncing Petrarchan for Spenserian ideas of art. For all that, as he goes on to confess, the poetry that Ralegh writes is ' quite un-Spenserian '. There may be something of Spenser in the pastoral imagery of *Cynthia*, though it was common enough at the time, and there are a few archaic words reminiscent of the poetic language of *The Faerie Queene*. But Ralegh never affected a poetised diction. If he wrote the eleventh book of *Cynthia* before he met Spenser, he may have supplied him with a metre for *Colin Clout*, but if, as is more likely, he wrote the eleventh book not long after the publication of *Colin Clout*, then it was he who had the metre from Spenser, and it is his most obvious debt to him. In character their work is poles apart.

It is not to Spenser we must look for Ralegh's fellow. It is to the men of the seventeenth century, who more than once dispute authorship with him, though he was born in 1552 and should surely, one imagines, be stamped Elizabethan. But by his gravity, his unconventionality, and most of all by the personal note he introduced into poetry, he anticipated the turn of the century. And not, I think, only he. It is my belief that if more of the poetry of such men as Ralegh and Dyer had survived, it would bridge the gap which at present yawns between Wyatt at the beginning of a great age, and Donne at the end of it. What we know of the work of the courtly poets is different from what we know of the bulk of Elizabethan verse.

Sidney was a man of feeling, Greville a man of thought. They do not speak with that impersonal and passionless accent which has long been considered typical of the sixteenth century lyric and is accountable for a mistaken impression that the age had neither griefs nor perplexities, so pure, so clear, so fresh are its bird-notes. But it is just this intimate kind of poetry, truly expressing the feelings of the time, showing that it was not, as indeed no time is, without some gravity, some introspection, some torment of feeling, that has perished. It is as though the writers considered it so personal a thing, that like eloquent speech and beauty of feature, it must die with them. The age was nothing if not generous, and its great men wore their laurel very carelessly, making no bid for immortality.

SOME CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS ON RALEGH'S POETRY

GEORGE PUTTENHAM (?), *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589. Book I, Chapter XXXI.

'And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong vp an other crew of Courtly makers, Noble men and Gentlemen of her Maiesties owne seruantes, who haue written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman Edward Earle of Oxford, Thomas Lord of Bukhurst, when he was young, Henry Lord Paget, Sir Philip Sydney, *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, Master Edward Dyar, Maister Fulke Greuell, Gascon, Britton, Turberuille and a great many other learned Gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for enuie, but to auoyde tediousnesse, and who haue deserued no little commendation.'

'*For dittie and amorous Ode I finde Sir Walter Rawleyghs vayne most loftie, insolent, and passionate.*'

FRANCIS MERES, *Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

'A comparatiue discourse of our English Poets.' '. . . these are the most passionate among vs to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of Loue, Henrie Howard Earle of Surrey, sir Thomas Wyat the elder, sir Francis Brian, sir Philip Sidney, *sir Walter Rawley*, sir Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuell Page sometimes fellowe of Corpus Christi Colledge in Oxford, Churchyard, Bretton.'

GABRIEL HARVEY, Notes made at the end of his copy of Speght's *Chaucer*, some time between 1598 and 1601.

'Not manie Chawcers, or Lidgates, Gowers, or Occleues, Surries, or Heywoods, in those days : & how few Aschams, or Phaers, Sidneys, or Spensers, Warners or Daniels, Siluesters, or Chapmans, in this pregnant age. But when shall we tast the preserued dainties of Sir Edward Dier, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, M. secretarie Cecill, the new patron of Chawcer ; the Earle of

Essex, the King of Scotland, the soueraine of the diuine art ; or a few such other refined wittes and surprising spirits ? '

' Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliae plena ministret aquae :

quoth Sir Edward Dier, betwene iest, & earnest. Whose written deuises farr excell most of the sonets, and cantos in print. His Amaryllis, & *Sir Walter Raleigh's Cynthia*, how fine & sweet inuentions ? Excellent matter of emulation for Spencer, Constable, France, Watson, Daniel, Warner, Chapman, Siluester, Shakespeare, & the rest of owr florishing metricians.'

(There are forty-three stanzas beginning ' Amaryllis was full fair ' signed ' E. Dier ' in *MS Rawl. Poet* 85.)

Edmund Bolton, *Hypercritica : or A Rule of Judgment for writing, or reading our History's.* (Written c. 1618 ?)

Addresse the Fourth. Prime Gardens for gathering English : according to the true Gage or Standard of the Tongue, about 15 or 16 years ago. ' The English Poems of *Sr Walter Raleigh*, of John Donn, of Hugh Holland, but especially of Sr Foulk Grevile in his matchless Mustapha, are not easily to be mended.'

POEMS FROM PRINTED BOOKS

I

WALTER RAWELY OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, IN COMMENDATION OF THE STEELE GLASSE

Swete were the sauce, would please ech kind of tast,
The life likewise, were pure that neuer swerued,
For spyteful tongs, in cankred stomackes plaste,
Deeme worst of things, which best (percase) deserued :
But what for that ? this medcine may suffyse,
To scorne the rest, and seke to please the wise.

Though sundry mindes, in sundry sorte do deeme,
Yet worthiest wights, yelde prayse for euery payne,
But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) esteme,
Such stately steppes, as they cannot attaine.
For who so reapes, renowne aboue the rest,
With heapes of hate, shal surely be opprest.

Wherefore to write, my censure of this booke,
This Glasse of Steele, vnpartially doth shewe,
Abuses all, to such as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe,
As for the verse, who list like trade to trye,
I feare me much, shal hardly reache so high.

II

A FAREWELL TO FALSE LOVE

Farewell false loue, the oracle of lyes,
A mortal foe and enimie to rest :
An enuious boye, from whome all cares aryse,
A bastard vile, a beast with rage possest :
A way of error, a temple ful of treason,
In all effects, contrarie vnto reason.

A poysoned serpent couered all with flowers,
Mother of sighes, and murtherer of repose,
A sea of sorows from whence are drawen such showers,
As moysture lend to euerie griefe that growes,
A schole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poysoned bayte.

A fortresse foyld, which reason did defend,
A Syren song, a feauer of the minde,
A maze wherein affection finds no ende,
A raging cloude that runnes before the winde,
A substance like the shadow of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for which the wisest runne.

A quenchlesse fire, a nurse of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrow and dispayre,
An idle boy that sleepes in pleasures lap,
A deepe mistrust of that which certaine seemes,
A hope of that which reason doubtful deemes.

Syth then thy traynes my yonger yeers betrayd
And for my fayth ingratitude I fynde.
And sythe repentaunce hathe my wronges bewrayde
Whose course was euer contrarye to kynde.
False loue ; Desyre ; and bewty frayll adewe
Dead is the roote whence all these fancyes grewe.

III

FROM *THE ARTE OF ENGLISH POESIE*

Anaphora, or the Figvre of Report

In vayne mine eyes in vaine you wast your teares,
In vayne my sighs the smokes of my despaires :
In vayne you search th' earth and heauens aboue,
In vayne ye seeke, for fortune keeps my loue.

Epizevxis, the Vnderlay, or Coocko-spel

With wisdomes eyes had but blind fortune seene,
Than had my looue, my looue for euer beene.

Ploche, or the Dovbler

Yet when I sawe my selfe to you was true,
I loued my selfe, bycause my selfe loued you.

IV

A VISION VPON THIS CONCEIPT OF THE FAERY QVEENE

Methought I saw the graue, where Laura lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tumbe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddeinly I saw the Faery Queene :
At whose approch the soule of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seene.
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on Lauras herse :
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heuens did perse.
Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife.

V

ANOTHER OF THE SAME

The prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena sings.
If thou hast formed right true vertues face herein :
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they writen bin.
If thou hast beauty praysd, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane while she shall perceiue, how far her vertues sore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore :
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will :
Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

VI

AN EPITAPH VPON THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY KNIGHT: LORD GOVERNOR OF FLVSHING

To praise thy life, or waile thy woorthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And loue that enuie in thy life suppresst,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sunne hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,)
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly minde,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powres diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made haste, and staide nor yeeres, nor time,
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words, the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisedome rare imploide thee thence,
To treat from kings, with those more great than kings,
Such hope men had to lay the highest things,
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.

Whence to sharpe wars sweete honor did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends :
Of woorthy men, the marks, the liues and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorow, sicknes, and base fortunes might :
Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,
But past with praise, from of this worldly stage.

Backe to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame ;
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame ;
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon,
Yoong yeeres, for endles yeeres, and hope vnsure,
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,
Oh happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want ; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come,
In worthy harts sorow hath made thy tombe,
Thy soule and spright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares.
Yoong sighes, sweete sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall,

Enuie hir sting, and spite hath left hir gall,
Malice hir selfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their Haniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time,
Whose vertues wounded by my woorthles rime,
Let Angels speake, and heauens thy praises tell.

VII

LIKE TO A HERMITE POORE

Like to a Hermite poore in place obscure,
I meane to spend my daies of endles doubt,
To waile such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but Loue shall euer finde me out.

My foode shall be of care and sorow made,
My drink nought else but teares falne from mine eies,
And for my light in such obscured shade,
The flames shall serue, which from my hart arise.

A gowne of graie, my bodie shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon Ile staie,
Of late repentance linckt with long desire,
The couch is fram'de whereon my limbes Ile lay,

And at my gate dispaire shall linger still,
To let in death when Loue and Fortune will.

VIII

FAREWELL TO THE COVRT

Like truthles dreames, so are my ioyes expired,
And past returne, are all my dandled daies :
My loue misled, and fancie quite retired,
Of all which past, the sorow onely staies.

My lost delights, now cleane from sight of land,
Haue left me all alone in vnknowne waies :
My minde to woe, my life in fortunes hand,
Of all which past, the sorow onely staies.

As in a countrey strange without companion,
I onely waile the wrong of deaths delaies,
Whose sweete spring spent, whose sommer wel nie don,
Of all which past, the sorow onely staies.

Whom care forewarnes, ere age and winter colde,
To haste me hence, to finde my fortunes folde.

IX

THE EXCUSE

Calling to minde mine eie long went about,
T' entice my hart to seeke to leaue my brest,
All in a rage I thought to pull it out,
By whose deuice I liu'd in such vnrest,
What could it say to purchase so my grace?
Forsooth that it had seene my Mistres face.

Another time I likewise call to minde,
My hart was he that all my woe had wrought,
For he my brest the fort of Loue resignde,
When of such warrs my fancie neuer thought,
What could it say, when I would him haue slaine?
But he was yours, and had forgone me cleane.

At length when I perceiu'd both eie and hart,
Excusde themselues, as guiltles of mine ill,
I found my selfe was cause of all my smart,
And tolde my selfe, my selfe now slay I will:
But when I found my selfe to you was true,
I lou'd my selfe, bicause my selfe lou'd you.

X

IN THE GRACE OF WIT, OF TONGVE AND FACE

Your face Your tongue Your wit
So faire So sweet So sharpe
First bent Then drew So hite
Mine eye Mine eare My hart

Mine eye Mine eare My hart
To like To learne To loue
Your face Your tongue Your wit
Doth lead Doth teach Doth moue

Your face Your tongue Your wit
With beames With sound With arte
Doth blind Doth charme Doth rule
Mine eye Mine eare My hart

Mine eye My eare My hart
With life With hope With skill
Your face Your tongue Your wit
Doth feed Doth feast Doth fill

Oh face O tongue O wit
With frownes With checks With smart
Wrong not Vex not Wound not
Mine eye My eare My hart

This eye This eare This hart
Shall ioy Shall bend Shall sweare
Your face Your tongue Your wittes
To serue To trust To feare

THE PASSIONATE SHEEPHEARD TO HIS LOVE

Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
Woods, or steepie mountaine yeeldes.

And wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Sheepheards feede theyr flocks,
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls,
Melodious byrds sings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined slippers for the cold :
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheepheards Swaines shall daunce and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy minde may moue ;
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

Chr. Marlow.

XI

THE NIMPHS REPLY TO THE SHEEPHEARD

If all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Sheepheards tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When Riuers rage, and Rocks grow cold,
And Philomell becommeth dombe,
The rest complaines of cares to come.

The flowers doe fade, and wanton fieldes,
To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of Roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies,
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten :
In follie ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Iuie buddes,
Thy Corall claspes and Amber studdes,
All these in mee no meanes can moue,
To come to thee, and be thy loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breede,
Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my minde might moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

XII

A POESIE TO PROVE AFFECTION IS NOT LOVE

Conceipt begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly borne, and quickly dies :
For while it seekes our harts to haue,
Meane while there Reason makes his graue :
For many things the eyes approue,
Which yet the hart doth seldome loue.

For as the seedes in spring time sowne,
Die in the ground ere they be growne,
Such is conceipt, whose rooting failes,
As childe that in the cradle quailes,
Or else within the Mothers wombe,
Hath his beginning, and his tombe.

Affection followes Fortunes wheeles ;
And soone is shaken from her heeles ;
For following beautie or estate,
Hir liking still is turn'd to hate.
For all affections haue their change,
And fancie onely loues to range.

Desire himselfe runnes out of breath,
And getting, doth but gaine his death :
Desire, nor reason hath, nor rest,
And blinde doth sildome chuse the best,
Desire attain'd is not desire,
But as the sinders of the fire.

As shippes in ports desir'd are drownd,
As fruit once ripe, then falles to ground,
As flies that seeke for flames, are brought
To cinders by the flames they sought :
So fond Desire when it attaines,
The life expires, the woe remaines.

And yet some Poets faine would proue,
Affection to be perfit loue,
And that Desire is of that kinde,
No lesse a passion of the minde.
As if wilde beasts and men did seeke,
To like, to loue, to chuse alike.

XIII

THE PASSIONATE MANS PILGRIMAGE

Supposed to be Written by One at the Point of Death

Giue me my Scallop shell of quiet,
My staffe of Faith to walke vpon,
My Scrip of Ioy, Immortall diet,
My bottle of saluation :
My Gowne of Glory, hopes true gage,
And thus Ile take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my bodies balmer,
No other balme will there be giuen
Whilst my soule like a white Palmer
Trauels to the land of heauen,
Ouer the siluer mountaines,
Where spring the Nectar fountaines :
And there Ile kisse
The Bowle of blisse,
And drinke my eternall fill
On euery milken hill.
My soule will be a drie before,
But after it, will nere thirst more.

And by the happie blisfull way
More peacefull Pilgrims I shall see,
That haue shooke off their gownes of clay,
And goe appareld fresh like mee.
Ile bring them first
To slake their thirst,
And then to tast those Nectar suckets
At the cleare wells
Where sweetnes dwells,
Drawne vp by Saints in Christall buckets.

And when our bottles and all we,
Are fild with immortalitie :

Then the holy paths weele trauell
Strewde with Rubies thicke as grauell,
Seelings of Diamonds, Saphire floores,
High walles of Corall and Pearle Bowres.

From thence to heauens Bribeles hall
Where no corrupted voyces brall,
No Conscience molten into gold,
Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,
No cause deferd, nor vaine spent Iorney,
For there Christ is the Kings Atturney :
Who pleades for all without degrees,
And he hath Angells, but no fees.

When the grand twelue million Iury,
Of our sinnes with sinfull fury,
Gainst our soules blacke verdicts giue,
Christ pleades his death, and then we liue,
Be thou my speaker taintles pleader,
Vnblotted Lawyer, true proceeder,
Thou mouest saluation euen for almes :
Not with a bribed Lawyers palmes.

And this is my eternall plea,
To him that made Heauen, Earth and Sea,
Seeing my flesh must die so soone,
And want a head to dine next noone,
Iust at the stroke when my vaines start and spred
Set on my soule an euerlasting head.
Then am I readie like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

XIV

THE LIE

Goe soule the bodies guest
vpon a thankelesse arrant,
Feare not to touch the best
the truth shall be thy warrant :
Goe since I needs must die,
and giue the world the lie.

Say to the Court it glowes,
and shines like rotten wood,
Say to the Church it showes
whats good, and doth no good.
If Church and Court reply,
then giue them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they liue
acting by others action,
Not loued vnlesse they giue,
not strong but by affection.
If Potentates reply,
giue Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
that mannage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
their practise onely hate :
And if they once reply,
then giue them all the lie.

Tell them that braue it most,
they beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
like nothing but commending.
And if they make replie,
then giue them all the lie.

Tell zeale it wants deuotion
tell loue it is but lust,
Tell time it meets but motion,
tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not replie
for thou must giue the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
tell honour how it alters.
Tell beauty how she blasteth
tell fauour how it falters
And as they shall reply,
giue euery one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
in tickle points of nycenesse,
Tell wisedome she entangles
her selfe in ouer wisenesse.
And when they doe reply
straight giue them both the lie.

Tell Phisicke of her boldnes,
tell skill it is preuention :
Tell charity of coldnes,
tell law it is contention,
And as they doe reply
so giue them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse,
tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of vnkindnesse,
tell iustice of delay.
And if they will reply,
then giue them all the lie.

Tell Arts they haue no soundnesse,
but vary by esteeming,

Tell schooles they want profoundnes
and stand so much on seeming.
If Arts and schooles reply,
giue arts and schooles the lie.

Tell faith its fled the Citie,
tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pittie,
tell vertue least preferred.
And if they doe reply,
spare not to giue the lie.

So when thou hast as I,
commanded thee, done blabbing,
Because to giue the lie,
deserues no lesse then stabbing,
Stab at thee he that will,
no stab thy soule can kill.

XV

ON THE LIFE OF MAN

What is our life ? a play of passion,
Our mirth the musicke of diuision,
Our mothers wombes the tyring houses be,
Where we are drest for this short Comedy,
Heauen the Iudicious sharpe spectator is,
That sits and markes still who doth act amisse,
Our graues that hide vs from the searching Sun,
Are like drawne curtaynes when the play is done,
Thus march we playing to our latest rest,
Onely we dye in earnest, that's no Iest.

XVI

TO THE TRANSLATOR OF LVCAN

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,
He had beene too vnworthy of thy Penne :
Who neuer sought, nor euer car'd to clime
By flattery, or seeking worthlesse men.
For this thou hast been bruis'd : but yet those scarres
Do beautifie no lesse, then those wounds do
Receiu'd in iust, and in religious warres ;
Though thou hast bled by both, and bearst them too.
Change not, to change thy fortune tis too late.
Who with a manly faith resolues to dye,
May promise to himselfe a lasting state,
Though not so great, yet free from infamy.
  Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate
  Nature thy Muse (like Lucans) did create.

XVII

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS

From *The History of the World*

I. Book I. Ch. I. § 6.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 724-7.

The heauen, the earth, and all the liquid mayne,
The Moones bright Globe, and Starres Titanian,
A Spirit within maintaines : and their whole Masse,
A Minde, which through each part infus'd doth passe,
Fashions, and workes, and wholly doth transpierce
All this great body of the Vniuerse.

II. Book I. Ch. I. § 7.
OVID, *Metam.* iv. 226-8.

The world discernes it selfe, while I the world behold,
By me the longest yeares, and other times are told,
I the worlds eye.

III. Book I. Ch. I. § 11.
OVID, *Trist.* iii. vi. 18 ; and JUVENAL, vii. 201.

Gainst Fate no counsell can preuaile.
Kingdomes to slaues, by Destinie,
To Captiues triumphs giuen be.

IV. Book I. Ch. I. § 15.
ATHENÆUS (? *Agathon :* cf. *Ar. Eth. N.* vi. 4.)

From wisedome Fortune differs farre,
And yet in workes most like they are.

V. Book I. Ch. I. § 15.
OVID, *Remed. Am.* 119.

While furie gallops on the way,
Let no man furies gallop stay.

VI. Book I. Ch. II. § 1.
Ovid, *Metam.* i. 76-8.

More holy then the rest, and vnderstanding more
A liuing creature wants, to rule all made before,
So man beganne to be.

VII. Book I. Ch. II. § 3.
Marius Victor, *de perversis suæ æt. moribus Epist.* 30-33.

Diseases, famine, enemies, in vs no change haue wrought,
What erst we were, we are ; still in the same snare caught :
No time can our corrupted manners mend,
In Vice we dwell, in Sinne that hath no end.

VIII. Book I. Ch. II. § 5.
Ovid, *Metam.* i. 414-5.

From thence our kinde hard-hearted is, enduring paine and care,
Approuing, that our bodies of a stonie nature are.

IX. Book I. Ch. II. § 5.
Albinovanus, *Eleg. de ob. Mæc.* 113-4.

The Plants and trees made poore and old
By Winter enuious,
The Spring-time bounteous
Couers againe, from shame and cold :
But neuer Man repair'd againe
His youth and beautie lost,
Though art, and care, and cost,
Doe promise Natures helpe in vaine.

X. Book I. Ch. II. § 5.
Catull. *Carm.* v. 4-6.

The Sunne may set and rise :
But we contrariwise

Sleepe after our short light
One euerlasting night.

XI. Book I. Ch. III. § 3.
OVID, *Metam.* i. 61-2.

The East winde with Aurora hath abiding
Among th' Arabian, and the Persian hils,
Whom Phœbus first salutes at his vp-rising.

XII. Book I. Ch. III. § 3.
OVID, *Metam.* i. 107-8.

The ioyfull Spring did euer last,
And Zephyrus did breede
Sweete flowers by his gentle blast,
Without the helpe of seede.

XIII. Book I. Ch. IV. § 2.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, i. 490-1.

The Amazons with Crescent-formed shield
Penthesilæa leades into the field.

XIV. Book I. Ch. V. § 5.
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* iv. 373-8, 380-1.

O wastfull Riot, neuer well content
With low-priz'd fare ; hunger ambitious
Of cates by land and sea farre fetcht and sent :
Vaine glorie of a table sumptuous,
Learne with how little life may be preserued.
In Gold and Myrrhe they neede not to carrouse,
But with the brooke the peoples thirst is serued :
Who fedde with bread and water are not sterued.

XV. Book I. Ch. V. § 8.
JOHN CASSAM out of Orpheus, *Fragm. L.* from *Etym. M.*

From the Earth, and from thy bloud, O heauen, they came,
Whome thereupon the Gods did Giants name.

XVI. Book I. Ch. VI. § 3.

ANAXANDR. RHOD. *ap. Natal. Com.* 1. 7 ; p. 12, ed. 1612.

I sacrifice to God the Beefe, which you adore.
I broile the Ægyptian Eeles, which you (as God) implore :
You feare to eate the flesh of Swine, I finde it sweet.
You worship Dogs, to beate them I thinke meete,
When they my store deuoure.

XVII. Book I. Ch. VI. § 3.

JUVENAL, XV. 9-11.

The Ægyptians thinke it sinne to roote vp, or to bite
Their Leekes or Onyons, which they serue with holy rite :
O happie Nations, which of their owne sowing
Haue store of Gods in euery garden growing.

XVIII. Book I. Ch. VI. § 4.

CORNELIUS SEVERUS, *Ætna*, 43-5.

The Giants did aduance their wicked hand
Against the Starres, to thrust them headlong downe
And robbing Ioue of his Imperiall crowne
On conquered Heauens to lay their proude command.

XIX. Book I. Ch. VI. § 5.

LYCOPHRON, *Alexandr.* 1200.

Saturne to be the fatter is not knowne
By being the graue and buriall of his owne.

XX. Book I. Ch. VI. § 5.

SIBYLLA, iii. p. 227. ed. Paris, 1599.

Things thus agreed : Titan made Saturne sweare
No Sonne to nourish ; which by raigning might
Vsurpe the right of Titans lawfull Heire.

XXI. Book I. Ch. VI. § 5.

CALLIM.

The Cretians euer lyars were, they care not what they say :
For they a tombe haue built for thee, O King, that liu'st alway.

XXII. Book I. Ch. VI. § 7.

EURIP. *Fragm. Melanipp.* vi. Dind.

Heauen and Earth one forme did beare :
But when disioyned once they were
From mutuall embraces.
All thinges to light appeared then,
Of trees, birds, beasts, fishes, and men
The still-remayning races.

XXIII. Book I. Ch. VI. § 7.

ORPHEUS to MUSÆUS ; *Fragm.* i. from Just. Mart., *Cohort. ad Gent.* 15.

Then marking this my sacred speech, but truly lend
Thy heart, that's reasons sphere, and the right way ascend,
And see the worlds sole King. First, he is simply one
Begotten of himselfe, from whom is borne alone
All else ; in which hee's still, nor could it ere befall
A mortall eye to see him once, yet he sees all.

XXIV. Book I. Ch. VI. § 7.

Id. Fragm. vi. from Proclus.

The first of all is God, and the same last is he.
God is the head and midst, yea from him all things be.
God is the Base of earth, and of the starred skie.
He is the male and female too, shall neuer die.

The spirit of all is God, the Sunne, the Moone, and what is higher.
The King, th' originall of all, of all the end.
For close in holie brest he all did comprehend,
Whence all to blessed light, his wondrous power did send.

XXV. Book I. Ch. VII. § 2.
OVID, *Metam.* xv. 293, 4.

Bura and Helice on Achaian ground
Are sought in vaine, but vnder sea are found.

XXVI. Book I. Ch. VII. § 3.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, viii. 318-23.

Saturne descending from the heauens high,
Fearing the Armes of Iupiter his Sonne,
His Kingdome lost, and banisht thence doth flie.
Rude people on the Mountaine tops he wonne
To liue together, and by lawes : which done
He chose to call it Latium.

XXVII. Book I. Ch. VII. § 7.
OVID, *Fasti*, i. 103, 4.

The ancients call'd me Chaos : my great yeares
By those old times, of which I sing, appeares.

XXVIII. Book I. Ch. VIII. § 3.
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* iv. 131-5.

The moistned Osyer of the hoarie Willow
Is wouen first into a little boat :
Then cloath'd in bullocks hide, vpon the billow
Of a proude Riuer, lightly doth it float
Vnder the Waterman :
So on the Lakes of ouerswelling Poe
Sailes the Venetian : and the Brittan so
On th' out-spred Ocean.

XXIX. Book I. Ch. VIII. § 4.
APOLLON. RHOD., *Argonaut.* ii. 1004-6.

The Calybes plough not their barren soile,
But vndermine high hilles for iron Veines :
Changing the purchase of their endlesse toile
For merchandize, which their poore liues sustaines.

XXX. Book I. Ch. VIII. § 11.
OVID, *Fasti*, ii. 289-90.

The Arcadians the earth inhabited
Ere yet the Moone did shine, or Ioue was bred.

XXXI. Book I. Ch. X. § 7.
SEDULIUS, i. 226-31.

Ah wretched they that worship vanities,
And consecrate dumbe Idols in their heart,
Who their owne Maker (God on high) despise,
And feare the worke of their owne hands and art.
What furie ? what great madnesse doth beguile
Mens minds ? that man should vgly shapes adore,
Of Birds, or Buls, or Dragons, or the vile
Halfe-dogge-halfe-man on knees for aide implore.

XXXII. Book I. Ch. XI. § 7.
CIC. *De Divin.* ii. 56, *et al.*

If Crœsus ouer Halys goe,
Great kingdomes he shall ouerthrow.

XXXIII. Book II. Ch. VI. § 4.
ÆSCHYLUS, *P.V.* 456-61.

But Fortune gouern'd all their workes, till when
I first found out how Starres did set and rise :
A profitable art to mortall men :
And others of like vse I did deuise :
As letters to compose in learned wise
I first did teach : and first did amplifie
The Mother of the Muses Memorie.

XXXIV. Book II. Ch. VI. § 5.
OVID, *Metam.* i. 322-3.

No man was better, nor more iust than hee :
Nor any Woman godlier than shee.

XXXV. Book II. Ch. VII. § 3.
SIDONIUS, *Carm.* xvii. 15, 16.

I haue no wine of Gaza, nor Falerna wine,
Nor any for thy drinking of Sarepta's vine.

XXXVI. Book II. Ch. VIII. § 1.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, i. 728-30.

The Queene anone commands the waightie bowle
(Waightie with pretious stones and massie gold)
To flow with wine. This Belus vs'd of old,
And all of Belus Line.

XXXVII. Book II. Ch. VIII. § 1.
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* iii. 220-1.

Phœnicians first (if fame may credit haue)
In rude Characters dar'd our wordes to graue.

XXXVIII. Book II. Ch. VIII. § 1.
DIOG. *Laert.* vii. 30.

If a Phœnician borne I am, what then ?
Cadmus was so : to whom Greece owes
The Bookes of learned men.

XXXIX. Book II. Ch. XIII. § 3.
OVID, *Am.* II. ii. 43, 4.

Here Tantalus in water seekes for water, and doth misse,
The fleeting fruit he catcheth at : His long tongue brought him this.

XL. Book II. Ch. XIII. § 3.

HORACE, *Sat.* I. i. 68, 70.

The thirsting Tantalus doth catch at streames that
from him flee.
Why laughest thou? the name but chang'd, the tale
is told of thee.

XLI. Book II. Ch. XIII. § 3.

NATALIS COM. p. 627, ed. 1612, out of Pindar, *Od.* i.
60-63.

Because that stealing immortalitie,
He did both Nectar and Ambrosia giue
To guestes of his owne age to make them liue.

XLII. Book II. Ch. XIII. § 3.

TIBULLUS, I. iii. 75-6, out of Homer, *Od.* xi. 576.

Nine furlongs strecht lies Tityus, who for his wicked
deedes
The hungrie birds with his renewing liuer daily feedes.

XLIII. Book II. Ch. XIII. § 3.

OVID, *Heroid.* xvi. 179-80.

Strong Ilion thou shalt see with walls and towers high
Built with the harpe of wise Apollo's harmonie.

XLIV. Book II. Ch. XIII. § 4.

HORACE, *Od.* III. xvi. 1-11.

The brasen Tower with dores close bar'd,
And watchfull bandogs frightfull guard,
Kept safe the Maidenhead
Of Danae from secret loue:
Till smiling Venus, and wise Iove
Beguild her Fathers dread.
For chang'd into a golden shower,
The God into her lap did powre
Himselfe, and tooke his pleasure.

Through gardes and stonie walls to breake,
The thunder-bolt is farre more weake,
Then is a golden treasure.

XLV. Book II. Ch. XIII. § 7.
LUCRETIUS, v. 325-8.

If all this world had no originall,
But things haue euer beene as now they are :
Before the siege of Thebes or Troyes last fall,
Why did no Poet sing some elder warre ?

XLVI. Book II. Ch. XIV. § 1.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iii. 104-12.

In the maine Sea the Ile of Creete doth lie :
Where Ioue was borne, thence is our progenie.
There is Mount Ida : there in fruitfull Land
An hundreth great and goodly Cities stand.
Thence (if I follow not mistaken fame)
Teucer the eldest of our grand-sires came
To the Rhætean shores : and raigned there
Ere yet faire Ilion was built, and ere
The Towers of Troy : their dwelling place they sought
In lowest vales. Hence Cybels rites were brought :
Hence Corybantian Cymbales did remoue :
And hence the name of our Idæan groue.

XLVII. Book II. Ch. XVI. § 1.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iii. 163-8.

Hesperia the Græcians call the place :
An ancient fruitfull Land, a warlike race.
Œnotrians held it, now the later progenie
Giues it their Captaines name, and calls it Italie,
This seate belongs to vs, hence Dardanus,
Hence came the Author of our stock, Iasius.

XLVIII. Book II. Ch. XIV. § 1.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vii. 205-11.

Some old Auruncans, I remember well
(Though time haue made the fame obscure) would tell
Of Dardanus, how borne in Italie :
From hence he into Phrygia did flie.
And leauing Tuscaine (where he earst had place)
With Corytus did saile to Samothrace,
But now inthronized he sits on high,
In golden Palace of the starrie skie.

XLIX. Book II. Ch. XIV. § 1.
HORACE, *Od.* IV. ix. 25-8.

Many by valour haue deseru'd renowne
Ere Agamemnon : yet lye all opprest
Vnder long night, vnwept for and vnknowne :
For with no sacred Poet were they blest.

L. Book II. Ch. XXI. § 6.
HORACE, *Od.* III. iv. 45-8.

Who rules the duller earth, the wind-swolne streames,
The ciuill Cities, and th' infernall realmes,
Who th' host of heauen and the mortall band,
Alone doth gouerne by his iust commaund.

LI. Book II. Ch. XXII. § 6.
AUSONIUS, *Epigr.* cxviii.

I am that Dido which thou here do'st see,
Cunningly framed in beauteous Imagrie.
Like this I was, but had not such a soule,
As Maro fained, incestuous and foule.
Æneas neuer with his Troian host
Beheld my face, or landed on this coast.
But flying proud Iarbas villanie,
Not mou'd by furious loue or iealousie ;
I did with weapon chast, to saue my fame,
Make way for death vntimely, ere it came.

This was my end ; but first I built a Towne,
Reueng'd my husbands death, liu'd with renowne.
Why did'st thou stirre vp Virgil, enuious Muse,
Falsely my name and honour to abuse ?
Readers, beleeue Historians ; not those
Which to the world Ioues thefts and vice expose.
Poets are liers, and for verses sake
Will make the Gods of humane crimes partake.

LII. Book II. Ch. XXIII. § 4.
HORACE, *Od.* III. xxiv. 36-41.

Nor Southerne heate, nor Northerne snow
That freezing to the ground doth grow,
The subject Regions can fence,
And keepe the greedie Merchant thence.
The subtile Shipmen way will finde,
Storme neuer so the Seas with winde.

LIII. Book II. Ch. XXIII. § 5.
HORACE, *Od.* IV. ii. 17, 18.

Such as like heauenly wights doe come
With an Elæan Garland home.

LIV. Book II. Ch. XXIV. § 1.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, i. 530-3.

There is a Land which Greekes Hesperia name,
Ancient, and strong, of much fertilitie.
Œnotrians held it, but we heare by fame,
That by late ages of Posteritie,
T'is from a Captaines name called Italie.

LV. Book II. Ch. XXIV. § 5.
JUVENAL, viii. 272-5.

Yet though thou fetch thy pedegree so farre ;
Thy first Progenitor, who ere he were,
Some Shepheard was, or else, that Ile forbeare.

LVI. Book III. Ch. VII. § 3.
HORACE, *Od.* III. ii. 31-2.

Seldome the villaine, though much hast he make,
Lame-footed Vengeance failes to ouer-take.

LVII. Book IV. Ch. I. § 5.
HORACE, *Od.* III. xvi. 13-15.

By gifts the Macedon claue Gates a-sunder,
And Kings enuying his estate brought vnder.

LVIII. Book IV. Ch. II. § 8.
HOMER, *Od.* xviii. 135-6.

The mindes of men are euer so affected,
As by Gods will they daily are directed.

LIX. Book IV. Ch. II. § 15.
CLAUDIAN, *in Eutrop.* i. 321-3.

Ouer the Medes, and light Sabæans, raignes
This female sexe : and vnder armes of Queenes,
Great part of the Barbarian Land remaines.

LX. Book V. Ch. II. § 1.
JUVENAL, viii. 121, 2.

Haue speciall care, that valiant pouertie
Be not opprest with too great iniurie.

LXI. Book V. Ch. VI. § 11.
PAUSAN. (VII.) XII. vol. iii. p. 182, Siebelis.

One fire than other burnes more forcibly,
One Wolfe than other Wolues does bite more sore ;
One Hawke than other Hawkes more swift does fly.
So one most mischieuous of men before,
Callicrates, false knaue as knaue might be,
Met with Menalcidas more false than he.

LXII. Book V. Ch. VI. § 12.
JUVENAL, x. 96, 7.

Euen they that haue no murdrous will,
Would haue it in their power to kill.

XVIII

THE AVTHOVRS EPITAPH, MADE BY HIMSELFE

Euen such is Time, which takes in trust
Our Youth, our Ioys, and all we haue,
And payes vs but with age and dust,
Who in the darke and silent graue,
When we haue wandred all our wayes,
Shuts vp the story of our dayes :
And from which Earth, and Graue, and Dust,
The Lord shall raise me vp I trust.

XIX

SIR W. RALEIGH, ON THE SNVFF OF A CANDLE THE NIGHT BEFORE HE DIED

Cowards fear to Die, but Courage stout,
Rather than Live in Snuff, will be put out.

XX

THE ADVICE

Many desire, but few or none deserve
To win the Fort of thy most constant will :
Therefore take heed, let fancy never swerve
But unto him that will defend thee still.
  For this be sure, the fort of fame once won,
  Farewell the rest, thy happy dayes are done.

Many desire, but few or none deserve
To pluck the flowers and let the leaves to fall ;
Therefore take heed, let fancy never swerve,
But unto him that will take leaves and all.
  For this be sure, the flower once pluckt away,
  Farewell the rest, thy happy days decay.

Many desire, but few or none deserve
To cut the corn, not subject to the sickle.
Therefore take heed, let fancy never swerve,
But constant stand, for Mowers mindes are fickle.
  For this be sure, the crop being once obtain'd
  Farewell the rest, the soil will be disdain'd.

POEMS FROM MANUSCRIPT

XXI

FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN MANNINGHAM OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

December 1602. 30.

Sir Walter Rawly made this rime vpon the name of a gallant one Mr. Noel. Noe L.

> The word of deniall, and the letter of fifty
> makes the gentlemans name that will neuer be thrifty.

and Noels answere. Raw Ly.

> The foe to the stommacke, and the word of disgrace
> shewes the gentlemans name with the bold face :

XXII

A POEM OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGHS

Nature that washt her hands in milke
  and had forgott to dry them,
In stead of earth tooke snow and silke
  at Loues request to trye them,
If she a mistresse could compose
to please Loues fancy out of those :

Her eyes he would should be of light,
  A Violett breath, and Lipps of Jelly,
her haire not blacke, nor ouer bright,
  and of the softest downe her Belly,
As for her inside hee'ld haue it
only of wantonnesse and witt :

At Loues entreaty, such a one
  nature made, but with her beauty
she hath framed a heart of stone,
  so as Loue by ill destinie
must dye for her whom nature gaue him
because her darling would not saue him :

But Time which nature doth despise,
  and rudely giues her loue the lye,
makes hope a foole, and sorrow wise,
  his hands doth neither wash, nor dry,
But being made of steele and rust,
turnes snow, and silke, and milke to dust :

The Light, the Belly, lipps and breath,
  he dimms, discolours, and destroyes,
with those he feedes, but fills not death,
  which sometimes were the foode of Joyes ;
yea Time doth dull each liuely witt,
and dryes all wantonnes with it :

Oh cruell Time which takes in trust
  our youth, our Joyes and all we haue,
and payes us but with age and dust,
  who in the darke and silent graue
when we haue wandred all our wayes
shutts up the story of our dayes.

XXIII

FAYNE WOVLDE I BVT I DARE NOT

Fayne woulde I : but I dare not.
I dare : but yet I maye not :
I maye allthough I care not
For pleasure when I playe not.

You laughe, because you lyke not.
I ieast and yet I ioye not.
You pearce, allthoughe you stryke not.
I stryke and yet annoye not.

I spye whenas I speak not.
For ofte I speak and speed not :
But of my woundes you wreake not ;
Because you se they bleed not :

Yet bleed they when you see not :
But you the payne indure not.
Of noble minde they be not
That euer kyll and cure not.

I see, whenas I vewe not.
I wishe, allthoughe I craue not.
I serue, and yet I swe not.
I hope for that I haue not.

I catche, allthoughe I houlde not.
I burne, allthoughe I flame not.
I seeme, whenas I would not :
And when I seeme I am not.

Yours am I, thoughe I seeme not :
And will be thoughe I showe not.
Myne owtwarde deeds than deeme not,
When myne intent you knowe not.

But if my seruyce proue not
Most sure allthoughe I swe not,
With-drawe your mynde and loue not,
Nor of my ruyne rwe not.

XXIV

A POEM PVT INTO MY LADY LAITON'S POCKET BY SR W. RAWLEIGH

Lady farewell whome I in silence serue
Woulde god thou knewest the depth of my desire
Then mought I wish (though nought I can deserue)
Some dropps of grace to slake my scalding fire
But sith to liue alone I haue decreede
Ile spare to speake, that I may spare to speede.

XXV

IF SYNTHIA BE A QVEENE, A PRINCES, AND SVPREAME

If Synthia be a Queene, a princes, and supreame,
keipe thes amonge the rest, or say it was a dreame,
for thos that like, expound, and those that louth express,
meanings accordinge as their minds, ar moued more or less,
for writinge what thow art, or shewinge what thow weare,
adds to the on dysdayne, to th' other butt dyspaire,
Thy minde of neather needs, in both seinge it exceeds.

XXVI

MY BODDY IN THE WALLS CAPTIVED

My boddy in the walls captived
feels not the wounds of spightfull envy.
butt my thralde minde, of liberty deprived,
fast fettered in her auntient memory,
douth nought beholde butt sorrowes diinge face,
such prison earst was so delightfull
as it desirde no other dwellinge place,
Butt tymes effects, and destines dispightfull
haue changed both my keeper and my fare,
loves fire, and bewtes light I then had store,
butt now close keipt, as captives wounted are
that food, that heat, that light I finde no more,
Dyspaire bolts vp my dores, and I alone
speake to dead walls, butt thos heare not my mone.

XXVII

THE 11TH: AND LAST BOOKE OF THE OCEAN TO SCINTHIA

Sufficeth it to yow my ioyes interred.
in simpell wordes that I my woes cumplayne,
yow that then died when first my fancy erred.
ioyes vnder dust that never live agayne :

If to the liuinge weare my muse adressed.
or did my minde her own spirrit still inhold.
weare not my livinge passion so repressed,
as to the dead, the dead did thes vnfold,

svme sweeter wordes, svme more becuming vers,
should wittness my myshapp in hygher kynd.
but my loues wounds, my fancy in the hearse
the Idea but restinge, of a wasted minde.

the blossvmes fallen, the sapp gon from the tree.
the broken monuments of my great desires,
from thes so lost what may th' affections bee,
what heat in Cynders of extinguisht fiers ?

Lost in the mudd of thos hygh flowinge streames
which through more fayrer feilds ther courses bend,
slayne with sealf thoughts, amasde in fearfull dreams,
woes without date, discumforts without end,

from frutfull trees I gather withred leues
and glean the broken eares with misers hands,
who sumetyme did inioy the waighty sheves
I seeke faire floures amidd the brinish sand,

all in the shade yeven in the faire soon dayes
vnder thos healthless trees I sytt a lone

wher ioyfull byrdds singe neather lovely layes
nor phillomen recounts her direfull mone,

No feedinge flockes, no sheapherds cumpunye
that might renew my dollorus consayte
while happy then, while loue and fantasye
confinde my thoughts onn that faire flock to waite

no pleasinge streames fast to the ocean wendinge
the messengers svmetymes of my great woe
but all onn yearth as from the colde stormes bendinge
shrinck from my thoughts in hygh heauens and below.

Oh, hopefull loue my obiect, and invention,
Oh, trew desire the spurr of my consayte
Oh, worthiest spirrit, my minds impulsion
Oh, eyes transpersant my affections bayte.

Oh, princely forme, my fancies adamande
Deuine consayte, my paynes acceptance,
Oh, all in onn, oh heaven on yearth transparant.
the seat of ioyes, and loues abvndance

Out of that mass of mirakells, my Muse,
gathered thos floures, to her pure sences pleasinge
out of her eyes (the store of ioyes) did chuse
equall delights, my sorrowes counterpoysinge

Her regall lookes, my rigarus sythes suppressed
small dropes of ioies, sweetned great worlds of woes,
one gladsvme day a thowsand cares redressed.
Whom Loue defends, what fortune overthrowes?

When shee did well, what did ther elce amiss.
When shee did ill what empires could haue pleased

no other poure effectinge wo, or bliss.
Shee gave, shee tooke, shee wounded, shee apeased.

The honor of her loue, loue still divisinge
woundinge my mind with contrary consayte
transferde it sealf svmetyme to her aspiringe
svmetyme the trumpett of her thoughts retrayt

To seeke new worlds, for golde, for prayse, for glory,
to try desire, to try loue seuered farr
when I was gonn shee sent her memory
more stronge then weare ten thowsand shipps of warr

to call mee back, to leue great honors thought
to leue my frinds, my fortune, my attempte
to leue the purpose I so longe had sought
and holde both cares, and cumforts in contempt,

Such heat in Ize, such fier in frost remaynde
such trust in doubt, such cumfort in dispaire
mich like the gentell Lamm, though lately waynde
playes with the dug though finds no cumfort ther,

But as a boddy violently slayne
retayneath warmth although the spirrit be gonn.
and by a poure in nature moves agayne
till it be layd below the fatall stone

Or as the yearth yeven in cold winter dayes
left for a tyme by her life gevinge soonn.
douth by the poure remayninge of his rayes
produce svme green, though not as it hath dvnn.

Or as a wheele forst by the fallinge streame
although the course be turnde svme other way

douth for a tyme go rovnde vppon the beame
till wantinge strenght to move, it stands att stay,

So my forsaken hart, my withered minde
widdow of all the ioyes it once possest
my hopes cleane out of sight with forced wind
to kyngdomes strange, to lands farr of addrest

Alone, forsaken, frindless onn the shore
with many wounds, with deaths cold pangs inebrased
writes in the dust as onn that could no more
whom love, and tyme, and fortune had defaced.

of things so great, so longe, so manefolde
with meanes so weake, the sowle yeven then departing
the weale, the wo, the passages of olde
and worlds of thoughts discribde by onn last sythinge.

as if when after phebus is dessended
and leues a light mich like the past dayes dawninge,
and every toyle and labor wholy ended
each livinge creature draweth to his restinge

wee should beginn by such a partinge light
to write the story of all ages past
and end the same before th' aprochinge night.

Such is agayne the labor of my minde
whose shroude by sorrow woven now to end
hath seene that ever shininge soonn declynde
so many yeares that so could not dissende

but that the eyes of my minde helde her beames
in every part transferd by loues swift thought
farr of or nire, in wakinge or in dreames
Imagination stronge their luster brought

such force her angellike aparance had
to master distance, tyme, or crueltye
such art to greve, and after to make gladd
such feare in love, such love in maiestye.

My weery lymes, her memory imbalmed,
my darkest wayes her eyes make clear as day
what stormes so great but Cinthias beames apeased.
what rage so feirce that loue could not allay.

Twelue yeares intire I wasted in this warr
twelue yeares of my most happy younger dayes,
butt I in them, and they now wasted ar
of all which past the sorrow only stayes,

So wrate I once and my mishapp fortolde
my minde still feelinge sorrowfull success
yeven as before a storme the marbell colde
douth by moyste teares tempestious tymes express.

so fealt my hevy minde my harmes att hande
which my vayne thought in vayne sought to recure
att middell day my soonn seemde vnder land
when any littell cloude did it obscure

and as the Isakells in a winters day
when as the soonn shines with vnwounted warme

so did my ioyes mealt into secreat teares
so did my hart desolve in wastinge dropps
and as the season of the yeare outweares
and heapes of snow from of the mountayn topps

with svddayne streames the valles overflow
so did the tyme draw on my more dispaire

then fludds of sorrow and whole seas of wo
the bancks of all my hope did overbeare

and drovnd my minde in deapts of missery
svmetyme I died svmetyme I was distract
my sowle the stage of fancies tragedye
then furious madness wher trew reason lackt

wrate what it would, and scurgde myne own consayte,
Oh, hevy hart who cann thee wittnes beare
what tounge, what penn could thy tormentinge treat
but thyne owne mourning thoughts which present weare

what stranger minde beleue the meanest part
what altered sence conceve the weakest wo
that tare, that rent, that peirsed thy sadd hart.

And as a man distract, with trebell might
bound in stronge chaynes douth strive, and rage in vayne
till tyrde and breathless, he is forst to rest
fyndes by contention but increas of payne
and fiery heat inflamde in swollen breast.

So did my minde in change of passion
from wo to wrath, from wrath returne to wo,
struglinge in vayne from loves subiection

Therfore all liueless, and all healpless bounde
my fayntinge spirritts sunck, and hart apalde
my ioyes and hopes lay bleedinge on the grovnd
that not longe since the highest heaven scalde,

I hated life and cursed destiney
the thoughts of passed tymes like flames of hell,
kyndled a fresh within my memorye
the many deere achiuements that befell

in those pryme yeares and infancy of love
which to discribe weare butt to dy in writinge
ah those I sought, but vaynly, to remove
and vaynly shall, by which I perrish liuinge

And though strong reason holde before myne eyes
the Images, and formes of worlds past
teachinge the cause why all thos flames that rize
from formes externall, cann no longer last,

then that thos seeminge bewties hold in pryme
Loves grovnd, his essence, and his emperye,
all slaues to age, and vassals vnto tyme
of which repentance writes the tragedye,

But this, my harts desire could not conceve
Whose loue outflew the fastest fliinge tyme
A bewty that cann easely deseave
th' arrest of yeares, and creepinge age outclyme,

a springe of bewties which tyme ripeth not
tyme that butt workes onn frayle mortallety
a sweetness which woes wronges outwipeth not
whom love hath chose for his devinnitye

A vestall fier that burnes, but never wasteth
that looseth nought by gevinge light to all
that endless shines eachwher and endless lasteth
blossvmes of pride that cann nor vade nor fall.

Thes weare thos marvelous perfections,
the parents of my sorrow and my envy
most deathfull and most violent infections,
Thes be the Tirants that in fetters tye

their wounded vassalls, yet nor kill nor cure,
but glory in their lastinge missery

that as her bewties would our woes should dure
thes be th' effects of pourfull emperye. . .

Yet have thes wounders want which want cumpassion,
yet hath her minde svme markes of humayne race
yet will shee bee a wooman for a fashion
So douth shee pleas her vertues to deface

and like as that immortall pour douth seat
an element of waters to allay
the fiery soonn beames that on yearth do beate
and temper by cold night the heat of day

so hath perfection which begatt her minde
added therto a change of fantasye
and left her the affections of her kynde
yet free from evry yevill but crueltye

But leue her prayse, speak thow of nought but wo
write on the tale that Sorrow bydds the tell
strive to forgett, and care no more to know
thy cares ar known, by knowinge thos to well,

discribe her now as shee apeeres to thee
not as shee did apeere in dayes fordvnn
in love thos things that weare no more may bee
for fancy seildvme ends wher it begvnn

And as a streame by stronge hand bounded in
from natures course wher it did svmetyme runn
by svme small rent or loose part douth beginn
to finde escape, till it a way hath woone

douth then all vnawares in svnder teare
the forsed bounds and raginge, runn att large
in th'auncient channells as the wounted weare
such is of weemens love the carefull charge

helde, and mayntaynde with multetude of woes
of longe arections such the svddayne fall
onn houre deverts, onn instant overthrowes
for which our liues, for which our fortunes thrale

so many yeares thos ioyes have deerely bought
of which when our fonde hopes do most assure
all is desolvde, our labors cume to nought
nor any marke therof ther douth indure

no more then when small dropps of rayne do fall
vppon the parched grounde by heat vp dried
no coolinge moysture is perceude att all
nor any shew or signe of weet douth byde

But as the feildes clothed with leues and floures
the bancks of roses smellinge pretious sweet
haue but ther bewties date, and tymely houres
and then defast by winters cold, and sleet,

so farr as neather frute nor forme of floure
stayes for a wittnes what such branches bare
butt as tyme gave, tyme did agayne devoure
and chandge our risinge ioy to fallinge care,

So of affection which our youth presented
when shee that from the soonn reves poure and light
did but decline her beames as discontented
convertinge sweetest dayes to saddest night

all droopes, all dyes, all troden vnder dust
the person, place, and passages forgotten
the hardest steele eaten with softest ruste.
the firme and sollide tree both rent and rotten,

thos thoughts so full of pleasure and content
that in our absence weare affections foode

ar rased out and from the fancy rent
in highest grace and harts deere care that stood

ar cast for pray to hatred, and to scorne
our deerest treasors and our harts trew ioyes
the tokens hunge onn brest, and kyndly worne
ar now elcewhere disposde, or helde for toyes

and thos which then our Ielosye removed
and others for our sakes then valued deere
the on forgot the rest ar deere beloved
when all of ours douth strange or vilde apeere

Thos streames seeme standinge puddells which before,
Wee saw our bewties in, so weare the cleere
Bellphebes course is now obserude no more

that faire resemblance weareth out of date
our Ocean seas are but tempestius waves
and all things base that blessed wear of late. . .

And as a feilde wherin the stubbell stands
of harvest past, the plowmans eye offends
hee tills agayne or teares them vp with hands
and throwes to fire as foylde and frutless ends

and takes delight another seed to sow . . . .
so douth the minde root vp all wounted thought
and scornes the care of our remayninge woes
the sorrowes, which themsealvs for vs have wrought

ar burnt to Cinders by new kyndled fiers
the ashes ar dispeirst into the ayre
the sythes, the grones of all our past desires
ar cleane outworne, as things that never weare. . .

With youth, is deade the hope of loues returne
who lookes not back to heare our after cryes
wher hee is not, hee laughts at thos that murne
whence hee is gonn, hee scornes the minde that dyes,

when hee is absent hee beleues no words
when reason speakes hee careless stopps his ears
whom hee hath left hee never grace affords
but bathes his wings in our lamentinge teares,

Vnlastinge passion, soune outworne consayte
wheron I built, and onn so durelesse trust,
my minde had wounds, I dare not say desaite
weare I resolvde her promis was not Just

Sorrow was my revendge, and wo my hate
I pourless was to alter my desire
my love is not of tyme, or bound to date
my harts internall heat, and livinge fier

would not, or could be quencht, with suddayn shoures
my bound respect was not confinde to dayes
my vowed fayth not sett to ended houres
I love the bearinge and not bearinge sprayes

which now to others do ther sweetnes send
th'incarnat, snow driven white, and purest asure.
Who from high heaven douth on their feilds dissend
fillinge their barns with grayne, and towres with treasure,

erringe or never erringe, such is Love
as while it lasteth scornes th'accompt of thos
seekinge but sealf contentment to improve
and hydes if any bee, his inward woes,

and will not know while hee knowes his own passion
the often and vniust perseverance

in deeds of love, and state, and every action
from that first day and yeare of their ioyes entrance ;

But I vnblessed, and ill borne creature
that did inebrace the dust her boddy bearinge
that loved her both, by fancy, and by nature
that drew yeven with the milke in my first suckinge

affection from the parents brest that bare mee
haue found her as a stranger so severe
improvinge my mishapp in each degree
But love was gonn, So would I, my life weare.

a Queen shee was to mee, no more Belphebe
a Lion then, no more a milke white Dove,
a prissoner in her brest I could not bee
shee did vntye the gentell chaynes of love

Love was no more the love of hydinge
all trespase, and mischance, for her own glorye
It had bynn such, it was still for th'ellect
but I must bee th'exampell in loves storye
this was of all forpast the sadd effect. . .

But thow my weery sowle and hevy thought
made by her love a burden to my beinge
dust know my error never was forthought
or ever could proceed from sence of lovinge

of other cause if then it had proceedinge
I leue th'excuse syth Iudgment hath bynn geven
the lymes devided, svndred and a bleedinge
cannot cumplayne the sentence was vneyevunn

This did that natures wounder, Vertues choyse
the only parragonn of tymes begettinge

Devin in wordes angellicall in voyse
that springe of ioyes, that floure of loves own settinge

Th'Idea remayninge of thos golden ages
that bewtye bravinge heavens, and yearth imbaulminge
which after worthless worlds but play onn stages,
such didsst thow her longe since discribe, yet sythinge.

that thy vnabell spirrit could not fynde ought
in heavens bewties, or in yearths delighte
for likeness, fitt to satisfy thy thought
Butt what hath it avaylde thee so to write

shee cares not for thy prayse, who knowes not thers
Its now an Idell labor and a tale
tolde out of tyme that dulls the heerers eares
a marchandise wherof ther is no sale

leue them, or lay them vp with thy dispaires
she hath resolvde, and Iudged thee longe ago
thy lines ar now a murmuringe to her eares
like to a fallinge streame which passinge sloe

is wovnt to nurrishe sleap, and quietnes
So shall thy paynfull labors bee pervsde
and draw on rest, which svmetyme had regard
but thos her cares, thy errors have excusde

thy dayes foredvn haue had ther dayes reward,
so her harde hart, so her estranged minde
in which aboue the heavens, I once reposed
so to thy error have her eares inclined,

and have forgotten all thy past deservinge
holdinge in minde butt only thyne offence
and only now affecteth thy depravinge
and thincks all vayne that pleadeth thy defence,

Yet greater fancye bewtye never bredd
a more desire the hart bludd never nourished
her sweetness an affection never fedd
which more in any age hath ever floryshedd

The minde and vertue never have begotten
a firmer love, since love on yearth had poure
a love obscurde, but cannot be forgotten
to great and stronge for tymes Iawes to devoure,

contayninge such a fayth as ages wound not
Care, wackfull ever of her good estate
feare, dreadinge loss, which sythes, and ioyes not
a memory, of the ioyes her grace begate

a lastinge gratfullness, for thos cumforts past
of which the cordiall sweetness cannot dye
thes thoughts knitt vp by fayth shall ever last
thes, tyme assayes, butt never can vntye.

Whose life once lived in her perrellike brest
whose ioyes weare drawne but from her happines
whose harts hygh pleasure, and whose minds trew rest
proceeded from her fortunes blessedness,

who was intentiue, wakefull, and dismayde
in feares, in dreames, in feeverus Ielosye
who longe in sylence served, and obayed
with secret hart, and hydden loyaltye,

which never change to sadd adversetye
which never age, or natures overthrow
which never sickness, or deformetye
which never wastinge care, or weeringe wo,
If subiect vnto thes she could haue bynn. . . .

which never words, or witts mallicious
which never honors bayte, or worlds fame
atchyved by attemptes adventerus,
or ought beneath the soonn, or heavens frame

can so desolve, dissever, or distroye
the essentiall love, of no frayle parts cumpovnded
though of the same now buried bee the ioy
the hope, the cumfort, and the sweetness ended,

but that the thoughts, and memores of thees
worke a relapps of passion, and remayne
of my sadd harte the sorrow suckinge bees
the wrongs recevde, the scornes perswade in vayne. . . .

And though thes medcines worke desire to end
and ar in others the trew cure of likinge
the salves that heale loves wounds and do amend
consvminge woe, and slake our harty sythinge

the worke not so, in thy minds long deseas
externall fancy tyme alone recurethe
all whose effects do weare away with ease
love of delight while such delight indureth
stayes by the pleasure, but no longer stayes. . . .

But in my minde so is her love inclosde
and is therof not only the best parte
but into it the essence is disposde . . .
oh love / the more my wo / to it thow art

yeven as the moysture in each plant that growes
yeven as the soonn vnto the frosen grovnd
yeven as the sweetness, to th' incarnate rose
yeven as the Center in each perfait rovnde,

as water to the fyshe, to men as ayre
as heat to fier, as light vnto the soonn
Oh love it is but vayne, to say thow weare,
ages, and tymes, cannot thy poure outrun. . . .

Thow art the sowle of that vnhappy minde
which beinge by nature made an Idell thought
begonn yeven then to take immortall kynde
when first her vertues in thy spirrights wrought. . . . .

from thee therfore that mover cannot move
because it is becume thy cause of beinge
what ever error may obscure that love
what ever frayle effect of mortall livinge,

what ever passion from distempered hart
what absence, tyme, or iniures effect,
What faythless frinds, or deipe dissembled art
present, to feede her most vnkynde suspect.

Yet as the eayre in deip caves vnder ground
is strongly drawne when violent heat hath rent
great clefts therin, till moysture do abound
and then the same imprisoned, and vppent,

breakes out in yearthquakes teringe all asvnder,
So in the Center of my cloven hart,
my hart, to whom her bewties wear such wovnder
Lyes the sharpe poysoned heade of that loves dart

which till all breake and all desolve to dust
thence drawne it cannot bee, or therin knowne
ther, mixt with my hart bludd, the fretting rust
the better part hath eaten, and outgrown. . . .

Butt what of thos, or thes, or what of ought
of that which was, or that which is, to treat

what I possess is butt the same I sought
my love was falce, my labors weare desayte

nor less then such the ar esteemde to bee,
a fraude bought att the prize of many woes
a guile, wherof the profitts vnto mee
coulde it be thought premeditate for thos ?

wittnes thos withered leues left on the tree
the sorrow worren face, the pensive minde,
the xternall shews what may th' internall bee
cold care hath bitten both the root, and vinde, ...

Butt stay my thoughts, make end, geue fortvne way
harshe is the voice of woe and sorrows sovnde
cumplaynts cure not, and teares do butt allay
greifs for a tyme, which after more abovnde

to seeke for moysture in th' arabien sande
is butt a losse of labor, and of rest
the lincks which tyme did break of harty bands

words cannot knytt, or waylings make a new,
seeke not the soonn in clovdes, when it is sett. . .
On highest mountaynes wher thos Sedars grew
agaynst whose bancks, the trobled ocean bett

and weare the markes to finde thy hoped port
into a soyle farr of them sealves remove
on Sestus shore Leanders late resorte
Hero hath left no lampe to Guyde her love

Thow lookest for light in vayne, and stormes arise
Shee sleaps thy death that erst thy danger syth-ed
strive then no more bow down thy weery eyes
eyes, which to all thes woes thy hart have guided

Shee is gonn, Shee is lost, shee is fovnd, shee is ever faire,
Sorrow drawes weakly, wher love drawes not too
woes cries, sound nothinge, butt only in loves eare
Do then by Diinge, what life cannot doo. . .

Vnfolde thy flocks, and leue them to the feilds
to feed on hylls, or dales, wher likes them best
of what the svmmer, or the springe tyme yeildes
for love, and tyme, hath geven thee leue to rest,

Thy hart which was their folde now in decay
by often stormes, and winters many blasts
all torne and rent becumes misfortvnes pray,
falce hope, my shepherds staff now age hath brast

My pipe, which loues own hand, gave my desire
to singe her prayses, and my wo vppon
Dispaire hath often threatned to the fier
as vayne to keipe now all the rest ar gonn.

Thus home I draw, and deaths longe night drawes onn
Yet every foot, olde thoughts turne back myne eyes
constraynt mee guides as old age drawes a stonn
agaynst the hill, which over wayghty lyes

for feebell armes, or wasted strenght to move
my steapps are backwarde, gasinge on my loss,
my minds affection, and my sowles sole love,
not mixte with fances chafe, or fortvnes dross,

to god I leue it, who first gave it me,
and I her gave, and she returnd agayne,
as it was herrs, so lett his mercies bee,
of my last cumforts, the essentiall meane.
    But be it soo, or not, th' effects, ar past,
    her love hath end. my woe must ever last.

XXVIII

THE END OF THE BOOCKES, OF THE OCEANS LOVE TO SCINTHIA, AND THE BEGINNINGE OF THE 12 BOOCK, ENTREATINGE OF SORROW

My dayes delights, my springetyme ioies fordvnn,
which in the dawne, and risinge soonn of youth
had their creation, and weare first begvnn,

do in the yeveninge, and the winter sadd
present my minde, which takes my tymes accompt
the greif remayninge of the ioy it had.

my tymes that then rann ore them sealves in thes
and now runn out in others happines
bringe vnto thos new ioyes, and new borne dayes,

so could she not, if shee weare not the soonn,
which sees the birth, and buriall, of all elce,
and holds that poure, with which shee first begvnn,

levinge each withered boddy to be torne
by fortune, and by tymes tempestius,
which by her vertu, once faire frute have borne,

knowinge shee cann renew, and cann create
green from the grovnde, and floures, yeven out of stonn,
by vertu lastinge over tyme and date,

levinge vs only woe, which like the moss,
havinge cumpassion of vnburied bones,
cleaves to mischance, and vnrepayred loss

for tender stalkes

XXIX

CONJECTURAL FIRST DRAFT OF THE PETITION TO QUEEN ANNE

My dayes delight, my spring tyme ioyes foredun
Which in the dawne and rysing Sunne of youth
Had their creation and were first begun

Doe in the Evening, and the Winter sad
present my Mynde (which takes my tymes account)
The griefe remayning of the ioye it had

for as noe fortune stands, soe noe Mans Loue
Stayes by the wretched and disconsolate
All old affections from new sorrowes Moue

Mosse to vnburied bones, Ivie to walles
Whom Life and people haue abandond
Till th' one be rotten, stayes, till th' other falles

But friendships, kindred, and Loues Memorie
Dies sole, extinguisht hearing or behoulding
The voyce of woe, or face of Miserie

Who being in all like those Winter showers
Doe come vncald, but then forebear to fall
When parching heate hath burnt both Leaues and flowers

And what we some tyme were we seeme noe More
fortune hath changd our shapes, and Destinie
Defac'd our very forme we had before

For did in Cinders any heate remayne
Of those cleare fyres of Loue and friendlines
I could not call for right and call in vaine

Or had Truth power the guiltles could not fall
Malice, vaine-glorie, and revenge tryumph
But Truth alone cannot encounter all

All Loue, and all desert of former tymes
Malice hath covered from my Soveraignes Eyes
And Largely laide abroade supposed Crymes

Burying the former with their Memorie
Teaching offence to speake before it goe
Disguising private hate with publique dutie

But Mercie is fled to God that Mercie Made
Compassion dead, fayth turn'd to policie
Which knowes not those which sit in sorrowes shade

Cold walles to you I speake, but you are senclesse
Celestiall poweres you heard but haue determined
And shall determyne to the greatest happinesse

To whom then shall I Crie to whom shall wronge
Cast downe her teares, or hould vp foulded handes
To her to whom remorse doth most belonge

To her that is the first and may alone
Be called Impresse of the Brittaines
Who should haue Mercie if a Queen haue none

Who should resist stronge hate, fierce Iniurie
Or who releiue th' oppressed state of Truth
Who is Companion els to powerfull Maiestie

But you great, godliest, powerfull princesse
Who haue brought glorie and posteritie
Vnto this widdowe Land and people hopelesse.

XXX

S. W. RAGHLIES PETITION TO THE QVEENE
1618

O had Truth Power the guiltlesse could not fall
Malice winne Glorie, or Reuenge triumphe ;
But Truth alone can not encounter all.

Mercie is fled to God which Mercie made,
Compassion dead, Faith turn'd to Pollicye,
Freinds know not those who site in Sorrows shade.

For what wee somtyme were wee are no more,
Fortune hath chang'd our shape, and Destinie
Defac'd the vearye forme wee had before.

All loue and all desert of former tymes
Malice hath couered from my Soueraignes Eies,
And largelie laid abroad supposed crimes.

But kings call not to mynd what Vassalls were,
But know them now, as Enuie hath descriu'd them
So can I looke on no syde from Despaire.

Cold walls to you I speake but you are senslesse,
Celestiall Powers you heare but haue determined,
And shall determine to the greatest happinesse.

Then vnto whom shall I vnfold my wrong,
Cast downe my teares or hold vp folded hands ?
To her to whom remorse doth most belong.

To her who is the first and maye alone
Be iustlie calld the empresse of the Bretannes
Who should haue mercye if a Queene haue none ?

Saue those that would haue died for your defence
Saue him whose thoughts no treason ever tainted
For loe, destruction is no recompense.

If I haue sold my duetye, sold my faith,
To strangers, which was only due to one,
No thing I should estime so deare as Death.

But if both God and tyme shall make you know
That I your humblest vassell am opprest,
Then cast your eyes on vndeserued woe.

That I and myne maye neuer murne the misse
Of her wee had, but praise our liuing Queene,
Who brings vs equall, if not greater, Blisse.

XXXI

AS YOV CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND

As you came from the holy land
of Walsinghame
Mett you not with my tru loue
by the way as you came

How shall I know your trew loue
That haue mett many one
As I went to the holy lande
That haue come that haue gone

She is neyther whyte nor browne
Butt as the heauens fayre
There is none hathe a forme so diuine
In the earth or the ayre

Such an one did I meet good Sir
Suche an Angelyke face
Who lyke a queene lyke a nymph did appere
by her gate by her grace :

She hath lefte me here all alone
All allone as vnknowne
Who somtymes did me lead with her selfe
And me loude as her owne :

Whats the cause that she leaues you alone
And a new waye doth take :
Who loued you once as her owne
And her ioye did you make :

I haue loude her all my youth
butt now ould as you see
Loue lykes not the fallyng frute
From the wythered tree :

Know that loue is a careless chylld
And forgets promyse paste :
He is blynd he is deaff when he lyste
And in faythe neuer faste :

His desyre is a dureless contente
And a trustless ioye
He is wonn with a world of despayre
And is lost with a toye :

Of women kynde suche indeed is the loue
Or the word Loue abused
Vnder which many chyldysh desyres
And conceytes are excusde :

Butt Loue is a durable fyre
In the mynde euer burnynge :
neuer sycke neuer ould neuer dead
from itt selfe neuer turnynge :

XXXII

SIR WALTER RAVLEIGH TO HIS SONNE

Three thinges there bee that prosper vp apace
And flourish, whilest they growe a sunder farr,
But on a day, they meet all in one place,
and when they meet, they one an other marr ;
And they bee theise, the wood, the weede, the wagg.
The wood is that, which makes the Gallow tree,
The weed is that, which stringes the Hangmans bagg,
The wagg my pritty knave betokeneth thee.
Marke well deare boy whilest theise assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hempe growes, the wagg is wilde,
But when they meet, it makes the timber rott,
It fretts the halter, and it choakes the childe.
Then bless thee, and beware, and lett vs praye,
wee part not with the at this meeting day.

XXXIII

ON THE CARDES, AND DICE

Beefore the sixt day of the next new year,
Strange wonders in this kingdome shall appear.
Foure Kinges shalbe assemblied in this Ile,
Whear they shall keepe great tumult for a while.
Many men then shall haue an end of Crosses,
And many like wise shall susteyne great losses.
Many that now full ioyfull are and gladd,
Shall at that time be sorrowfull and sadd.
Full many a Christians heart shall quake for fear,
The dreadfull sound of trumpe when he shall hear.
Dead bones shall then be tumbled vp and downe,
In euery citty, and in euery towne.
By day or night this tumult shall not cease,
Vntill an Heralld shall proclaime a peace.
An Herauld strange, the like was neuer borne
Whose very beard is flesh, and mouth is horne.

XXXIV

SIR WALTER RALEGH TO THE QVEEN

Our Passions are most like to Floods and streames ;
The shallow Murmure ; but the Deep are Dumb.
So when Affections yeeld Discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are Rich in Words must needs discouer
That they are Poore in that which makes a Louer.

Wrong not, deare Empresse of my Heart,
The Meritt of true Passion,
With thinking that Hee feels no Smart,
That sues for no Compassion :
Since, if my Plaints serue not to proue
The Conquest of your Beauty,
It comes not from Defect of Loue,
But from Excesse of duety.

For knowing that I sue to serue
A Saint of such Perfection,
As all desire, but none deserue,
A place in her Affection :
I rather chuse to want Reliefe
Then venture the Reuealing ;
When Glory recommends the Griefe,
despaire distrusts the Healing.

Thus those desires that aime too high,
For any mortall Louer,
When Reason cannot make them dye,
discretion will them Couer.
Yet when discretion dothe bereaue
The Plaints that they should vtter,
Then your discretion may perceiue,
That Silence is a Suitor.

Silence in Loue bewraies more Woe,
  Then Words, though ne'r so Witty,
A Beggar that is dumb, yee know,
  deserueth double Pitty.
Then misconceiue not (dearest Heart)
  My true, though secret Passion,
Hee smarteth most that hides his smart,
  And sues for no Compassion.

DOUBTFUL POEMS

XXXV

NO PLEASVRE, WITHOVT SOME PAYNE

Sweete were the ioyes, that both might like and last,
Strange were the state, exempt from all distresse :
Happy the lyfe, that no mishap should tast,
Blessed the chaunce, might neuer change successe.
Were such a lyfe to leade, or state to proue,
Who would not wyshe, that such a lyfe were loue.

But O the sowry sauce of sweete vnsure,
When pleasures flye, and flee with waft of winde :
The trustlesse traynes that hoping hartes allure,
When sweete delightes doo but allure the minde.
When care consumes and wastes the wretched wight,
Whyle fancy feedes, and drawes of her delight.

What lyfe were loue, yf loue were free from payne ?
But O that payne, with pleasure matcht should meete :
Why dyd the course of nature so ordayne,
That sugred sowre, must sause the bitter sweete.
Which sowre from sweete, might any meanes remoue,
What happe, what heauen, what lyfe, were lyke to loue.

XXXVI

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

Now what is Loue, I praie thee tell,
It is that fountaine and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
  That tols all in to heauen or hell,
  And this is Loue as I heare tell.

Yet what is Loue, I praie thee saie?
It is a worke, on holie daie,
It is December matcht with Maie,
When lustie blouds in fresh araie,
  Heare ten months after of the plaie,
  And this is Loue as I heare saie.

Yet what is Loue, I praie thee saine?
It is a Sunshine mixt with raine,
It is a tooth ache, or like paine,
It is a game, where none doth gaine,
  The Lasse saith no, and would full faine,
  And this is Loue, as I heare saine.

Yet what is Loue, I pray thee say,
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretie kinde of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soone away:
  Then take the vantage while you may,
  And this is Loue, as I heare say.

Yet what is Loue I pray thee shoe,
A thing that creepes, it cannot goe,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for mo,
  And he that proues must finde it so,
  And this is Loue (sweet friend) I troe.

XXXVII

PRAISD BE DIANAS FAIRE AND HARMLES LIGHT

Praisd be Dianas faire and harmles light,
Praisd be the dewes, wherwith she moists the ground ;
Praisd be hir beames, the glorie of the night,
Praisd be hir powre, by which all powres abound.

Praisd be hir Nimphs, with whom she decks the woods,
Praisd be hir knights, in whom true honor liues,
Praisd be that force, by which she moues the floods,
Let that Diana shine, which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the spheares,
In ay she Mistres like makes all things pure,
Eternitie in hir oft chaunge she beares,
She beautie is, by hir the faire endure.

Time weares hir not, she doth his chariot guide,
Mortalitie belowe hir orbe is plaste,
By hir the vertue of the starrs downe slide,
In hir is vertues perfect image cast.

A knowledge pure it is hir worth to kno,
With Circes let them dwell that thinke not so.

XXXVIII

SHALL I, LIKE AN HERMIT, DWELL

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part,
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it, where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If she undervalue me;
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a brayde,
And, with little more a-do,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free;
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners sake;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me;
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire by burning too;
But when she, by change, hath got
To her heart a second lot;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewel her, what e'er she be!

XXXIX

TO HIS SINGVLAR FRIEND, WILLIAM LITHGOW

Whiles I admire, thy first and second wayes,
Long tenne yeeres wandring, in the Worlde-wide Boundes :
I rest amaz'd, to thinke on these Assayes,
That thy first Trauaile, to the Worlde foorth-soundes :
In brauest sense, compendious, ornate Stile,
Didst show most rare aduentures to this Yle.

And nowe thy seconde Pilgrimage I see,
At London thou resolu'st, to put in light :
Thy Lybian wayes, so fearefull to the eye,
And Garamonts their strange amazing sight.
Meane while, this Worke, affordes a three-folde Gaine,
In furie of thy fierce Castalian Veine.
As thou for Trauelles, brook'st the greatest Name,
So voyage on, increase, maintaine the same.

XL

EPITAPH ON THE EARL OF LECEISTER

Here lyes the noble Warryor that never blunted sword ;
Here lyes the noble Courtier that never kept his word ;
Here lyes his Excellency that governd all the State ;
Here lyes the Lord of Leicester that all the world did hate.

XLI

EPITAPH ON THE EARL OF SALISBURY

Here lies Hobinall, our Pastor while ere,
That once in a Quarter our Fleeces did sheare.
To please us, his Curre he kept under Clog,
And was ever after both Shepherd and Dog.
For Oblation to Pan his custome was thus,
He first gave a Trifle, then offer'd up Us :
And through his false worship such power he did gaine,
As kept him o' th' Mountaine, and us on the plaine.
Where many a Horne-pipe he tun'd to his Phyllis,
And sweetly sung Walsingham to's Amarillis.
Till Atropos clapt him, a Pox on the Drab,
For (spight of his Tar-box) he died of the Scab.

XLII

A SONGE MADE BY SIR WATER RAWLEY

What teares (Deare Prince) can serue to water all
The plants of woe growne in thy funerall ?
Or how can musiques saddest tones expresse
With sights or teares a publique heauinesse ?
Only thy death is still the fatall ground,
Wheron all hearts their mournfull descant sound.

In thy pale looks sweete life so longe remaynd,
That Death afeard shee had her seate regaynd ;
The dying ember with cold ashes quelld,
And robd the world of all the worth it held.
O ! why should vertue fram'd of heauenly mold
Be reft his heate t'enioy Deaths ashy cold ?

Accursed Death thou couldst not with one blow,
Else where haue sought to worke so many's woe.
Yett hast thou mist the marke thou didst intend,
Till thousand liues in whom he liues shall end.
O hadst thou such another blow in store,
The world would dye that thou shouldst bee no more.

XLIII

VERTVE THE BEST MONVMENT

Not Cæsars birth made Cæsar to suruiue
But Cæsars vertues, which are yett aliue.
A great mans vices damne his fame so deepe
ther's noe redemption when his vertues sleepe.
Actions crowne vertues, and like pulses proue
whither the soule of 's greatnes sweetlie moue
with natures harmoney : which standing still
or faintlie beateinge shew them dead or ill.

II

TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION

I

RALEGH's poems present a very difficult textual problem. He himself printed none of them, nor did he leave an authoritative body of MSS from which anyone else could print them. One supposes the commendatory verse was published with his permission, and possibly the anonymous poems in *The Phoenix Nest*. But for the most part the printed texts must be regarded as having had neither his supervision nor his sanction. Many of them were published after his death from sources which were much the same as those of the present day editor, but by persons troubled with none of his scruples. And once in print, any clues with which the MS might have provided the modern editor are blotted out.

MSS, however, even when one has them, cannot be depended upon to supply clues. Too often their provenance is not known, their date doubtful, their character difficult to determine and their text mutilated by scribal error. So dubious at best is the information that I can give about them that I have not thought it worth while to mention the approximate date or supposed owner, unless these are of particular interest. The MSS belong, like the printed books, to the last quarter of the sixteenth and the first three quarters of the seventeenth century. One at least has authority, the autograph MS at Hatfield. Of the rest, the most valuable are the MS anthologies, like *Rawlinson Poetry* 85 and *Harley* 6910, carefully transcribed by men of taste and intelligence. Common-place books are often written by more than one person at more than

one date, and the entries sometimes scribbled hurriedly or left half finished. Unlike the professional scribe, the amateur collector was under no obligation to preserve the purity of the text : he could copy as carelessly and amend as freely as he pleased. The result, when the MSS are collated, is a list of variant readings sometimes longer than the original poem.

In the absence of an authoritative text these all have a theoretical value, but in practice I have discarded a large number, as confusing to the reader and costly to the publisher. My omissions include : violently unmetrical readings ; false rhymes ; readings which, from the point of view of sense, are either inadmissible or plainly inferior to what I print ; variants in small words which make no difference to the sense, as ' my ' for ' mine ', ' which ' for ' that ', or do not alter it materially, as sometimes ' but ' for ' and ', ' when ' for ' where ' ; differences of number in nouns and verbs, as ' eye ' for ' eyes ', ' tell ' for ' tells ' ; and simple transpositions.

I do not contend that it makes no difference if Ralegh is represented as having written ' which ' where he really wrote ' that ' ; from the point of view of euphony I sometimes prefer the readings I have suppressed ; but I do contend that the reader will be in a better position to appreciate the poetry if he accepts ' which ' as it comes, without being distracted by a note to the effect that ' that ' is the reading of some half dozen MSS whose abbreviated titles are thereafter set out. For, since every poem presents a fresh set of sources, it is an unfortunate necessity that the critical apparatus should present a fresh set of sigla. The character and relationship of the MSS is to some (but I hope to no serious) extent, obscured by the omissions.

The proofs of authenticity, again different with every different poem, are far from satisfactory, depending too often on a multiplicity of MS ascriptions which may only

be a multiplicity of error. But they do mark a tradition, and in the absence of anything more precise we must look favourably on traditions. MS ascriptions establish no certainty, but they are suggestive. If nothing goes to disprove them they can establish a degree of probability; if there is something to support them it may become a high degree of probability. The authority of a printed book is rather easier to gauge than that of MSS, but in the case of the books containing Ralegh's poems it generally turns out to be slight. There were plenty of editors in the early seventeenth century who would not ask too many questions about an anonymous poem when they wanted to add a few more pages to what purported to be the works of some member of the nobility, lately deceased. Ralegh's jealously preserved anonymity made him an easy prey, and the problem of authenticity is sadly complicated by the frequency with which poems that one has reason to believe are his, appear among the posthumous works of another or several other authors.

I have, in the case of every poem, made a brief statement with regard to authenticity, in which I have naturally laid more stress upon the reasons that have led me to include it in this edition than the reasons, which the reader can only too readily bring forward for himself, why I might have omitted it. The poems classed as doubtful are those where the evidence, too vague to be decisive, points against Ralegh rather than to him. Wherever possible I have chosen to print the earliest published text, for an early printed version is usually, from the point of view of sense, metre and spelling, a good one. It smooths out scribal idiosyncrasies and presents a neat and finished copy. I have broken the rule only in three places, where another version was markedly superior. The poems from printed books are arranged in chronological order of publication. The poems from MS I have attempted to arrange, necessarily very roughly, in order of composition. What-

ever text I have chosen I have printed as far as possible as it stands, but in some places emendation has seemed advisable. In the critical apparatus the spelling of a variant reading is that of the first text quoted. Wherever an *Additional MS* is mentioned, the reference is to the *Additional MSS* in the British Museum. I quote printed texts first, in order of publication. Where there is a large number of MSS the order, on account of their very doubtful chronology, cannot be other than arbitrary, but where circumstances have been favourable I have attempted chronological sequence.

II

The first man of letters to try and make a list of Ralegh's poems was the indefatigable antiquarian, William Oldys, who wrote his life as a preface to the 1736 edition of *The History of the World.* Oldys ascribed to him seventeen poems, almost all on good authority. Later editors, however, not only neglected to take advantage of Oldys' researches, but by a curious error were led to concentrate their attention upon a number of poems to which Ralegh has no sort of claim. The source of the error is a statement made by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, where he says that Ignoto, which is subscribed to the 'Answer to Marlowe' in *England's Helicon*, was 'Ralegh's constant signature'. I do not know whence he drew this unwarrantable conclusion. Possibly he was misled by the cancel slips which in two places substitute Ignoto for Ralegh's initials. Or he may have seen the John Rylands copy of *England's Helicon* in which a contemporary has written 'alias Sr Walt. Rawley' beside the signature of this poem. Whatever the grounds, the theory is untenable. Ralegh may have signed his poems Ignoto, but there is no evidence that it ever meant more than 'anonymous'.

Ritson, who showed up the mistake, was disregarded.

First Ellis and then Cayley printed as Ralegh's the poems signed Ignoto in *England's Helicon*. But the richest harvest was reaped by the misdirected enthusiasm of Sir Egerton Brydges. His edition, the first and only one devoted solely to Ralegh's poems, was printed in 1813 at the Lee Priory Press, and is rendered almost worthless by his wholesale acceptance of the Ignoto theory. He printed nearly all the poems signed Ignoto in *England's Helicon* and all in *Reliquiae Wottonianae*. Of the twenty-nine poems in his book, only eleven can be given with any probability to the author he is editing. He even assigned the Ignoto poems in *The Poetical Rapsody* to Ralegh, but fortunately he never published them apart from his edition of Davison.

The faults of his handsomely printed but most inaccurate book are so obvious that it ought not to have done much harm. Unfortunately there seems to have been an irresistible fascination about the Ignoto theory. In 1829 the Oxford University Press published, as part of the last volume of Ralegh's *Works*, thirty-nine poems. Twenty-eight are from Brydges, and seven from Oldys. Three are from an *Ashmole MS* and are not by Ralegh at all. The only one which is new is the trivial couplet on Noel.

In 1845 Archdeacon Hannah brought out a small book of poems by Ralegh and others in which, for the first time since 1736, the problem was faced with intelligence. Although he only printed eight poems he devoted a long introduction to Ralegh in which he mentioned many more. In 1870 he printed the sum of the poems which he had attributed to Ralegh in 1845, together with the newly discovered MS of *Cynthia*, and without the long discussions of authenticity which constitute the value of the 1845 edition. Some of the new poems he owed to Collier and Malone and some to his own researches. Within its limits his book is admirable and I am greatly indebted to it.

PREVIOUS PUBLICATIONS

A. Editions

The Works of Sir Walter Ralegh, Kt. Political, Commercial, and Philosophical; Together with his Letters and Poems. The Whole never before collected together, and some never yet printed. To which is prefix'd, A new Account of his Life by Tho. Birch, M.A. F.R.S. London, 1751.

See Vol. II which contains nine poems, including 'The Lie' which was not known to Oldys.

The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh: now first collected. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction: by Sir Egerton Brydges, K.J. Printed at the private press of Lee Priory; 1813.

Twenty-nine poems.

The Works of Sir Walter Ralegh Kt. Now first collected: to which are prefixed the Lives of the Author, by Oldys and Birch. In eight volumes. Oxford, at the University Press. 1829.

See Vol. VIII in which are thirty-nine poems.

The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh collected and authenticated with those of Sir Henry Wotton and other courtly poets from 1540 to 1650. Edited with an introduction and notes by J. Hannah, D.C.L. London, 1910.

First published 1870, *containing about twenty-nine poems.*

B. Selections

The Muses' Library; Or a Series of English Poetry, from the Saxons, to the Reign of King Charles II.
Ed. Elizabeth Cooper. London, 1737.

Five well-authenticated poems chosen from Oldys.

Specimens of the early English Poets. Ed. George Ellis. London, 1790.

Nine poems, five signed Ignoto in 'England's Helicon.'

The Life of Sir Walter Ralegh, Knt. By Arthur Cayley. London, 1805.

Seventeen poems, five unauthentic and three doubtful.

Specimens of the British Poets. Ed. Thomas Campbell. London, 1841.

Six poems, two unauthentic and two doubtful. 'Goe soule the bodies guest' is among the Anonymous Poems (p. 57) with Ralegh's claim refuted.

Poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh and others. Ed. the Rev. John Hannah. London, 1845.

Eight poems.

NOTES

I. *SWETE WERE THE SAVCE, WOVLD PLEASE ECH KIND OF TAST.*

George Gascoigne, *The Steele Glas*, 1576, sig. A4, headed 'Walter Rawely of the middle Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glasse'. *The Steele Glas* appears again in the collected edition of Gascoigne's poems in 1587.

All that is required to prove Ralegh's claim to this poem is evidence that in or about 1576 he was a member of the Middle Temple. There is a tradition that he was with Sir John Norreys in the Netherlands, and his biographers have been doubtful whether residence in the Temple could be considered compatible with his own statement at his trial, 'If ever I read a word of the law or statute, before I was prisoner in the Tower, God confound me'. The Inns of Court, however, were not only the resort of law students in search of professional training, but of young men who desired no more than to enjoy the companionship of others of their own age and tastes, and to acquire some general culture.

More serious is Oldys' statement that he had searched the registers of the Middle Temple and had found no trace of Ralegh's name. He went uncontradicted till 1891, when Mr. Stebbing published his *Life of Ralegh* and reported the following entry, under the date 1574/5, 27th Feb., 'Walter Rawley, late of Lyons Inn, Gent. Son of Walter Rawley of Budleigh, Co. Devon, Esq.' When such conclusive evidence is available, there is no longer any need to resort, as Oldys, Edwards and Collier have done, to the test of style.

It is not certain how Ralegh came to know Gascoigne. Oldys thought he had found 'the links, if not the perfect

chain, of some acquaintance between them'. They were both connected with Lord Grey of Wilton. Ralegh had campaigned with him in Ireland, and Gascoigne knew and admired him sufficiently to dedicate several books to him, among them *The Steele Glas*. They had been leading very similar lives at this time, engaged in foreign wars, and Gascoigne had served with Ralegh's half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, in Flanders. Finally, Gascoigne's motto, 'Tam marti quam mercurio', which appears with his portrait before *The Steele Glas*, was later adopted by Ralegh and appears with his portrait, prefixed to some copies of his *Remains*.

II. *FAREWELL FALSE LOVE, THE ORACLE OF LYES.*

William Byrd, *Psalmes, Sonets, and songs*, 1588, sig. E4, anon. (*Bodleian copy*). Byrd supplies the best and earliest text of the poem, but omits the last verse. Thomas Deloney, *The Garland of Good Will* (*G*), 1631, sig. H7 v., 'A Farewel to Loue'. This is the earliest edition I can discover, though a book called *The garden of good will* was entered in the Stationers' Register in March 1593. There are copies extant dated 1659, 1678, 1685, 1688, and one which appeared about 1700. It is a mean little book, full of printer's errors. The contents, mainly ballads on historical subjects, in a very jog-trot style, are described on the title-page as 'Written by T. D.' This may be true of the majority, but there are several which stand out above the rest and are connected with very different names. One is 'A communication between Fancy and Desire', usually attributed to the Earl of Oxford, another 'Crabbed Age and Youth'. 'A Farewel to Loue' must, by its very superior merit, be counted among these, as a waif swept in 'to make the booke grow to a competent volume'. There is no reason to believe that a collection of popular

ballads, as badly printed as this, would be better edited. It was intended for a public which was not concerned with problems of authorship. Since Deloney died in 1600 none of the extant editions have his authority.

Le Prince d'Amour, or the Prince of Love, with a Collection Of Several Ingenious Poems and Songs. By the Wits of the Age (*PD*), 1660, p. 130, 'A Farewell to false Love', anon. In spite of the title-page this curious book is not by 'the Wits of the Age'. According to the dedication 'In the whole Collection there is not any thing of the gall and venome which has mixed itself with the Ink of these last twenty years, but wit born long before our unhappy intestine divisions'. 'Le Prince d'Amour', a prose burlesque, is described as the work of a member of the Middle Temple, where the Prince was a traditional figure in the Christmas revels. The poems 'were the off-spring of divers eminent Wits of the same age, and never yet appeared in publick.' This is interesting, in view of Ralegh's connection with the Middle Temple. It also points to manuscript sources for the poetry, so that the omission of the last line of the first verse of this poem, which is marked by a row of dots, may be put down to a torn or otherwise illegible MS. The compiler of the miscellany is not known. The dedication is signed W. L., apparently by the printer, William Leake. Three poems have the signature W. R., but this one is anonymous. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 85 (*RP*), f. 48, anon. This is a very interesting MS of miscellaneous poems and songs, some of which appear in contemporary anthologies. It is, in fact, more like an anthology in manuscript than the usual heterogeneous common-place book, written throughout in the same clear Italian script, some time late in the sixteenth century. There is an author's name subscribed, not always correctly, to some of the poems. Because it supplies an early and a good text, I am printing from it the verse omitted in *Psalmes, Sonets, and songs*.

The poem is ascribed to Ralegh in a manuscript formerly

in the possession of Mr. Bertram Dobell, where it is said to have been written in answer to some verses of Sir Thomas Heneage. Mr. A. H. Bullen noted the ascription in *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books* (Addit. notes), in which he has printed Byrd's text. Unfortunately Mr. Percy Dobell is unable to trace the MS. There is, however, no better evidence in favour of another claimant. The poem is usually anonymous. It belongs to the period when we know Ralegh was writing poetry, and wherever it appears, except in Byrd's song-book, it is in company with other poems of his. On the grounds of style there is no reason to refuse it to him. The profusion of brilliant imagery and the general tone of disillusion are characteristic.

3. all] great *G.* 4. vile] borne *RP, PD.* 5. of] for *RP, G.* 5. temple] tempest *G.* (*cp. the st ligature and ll.*) 6. effects] respects *G.* 6. contrarie vnto] a Contrarye to *RP. PD omits line* 6. 9. are drawen] ran all *G.* 10. lend] giues *G.* 10. griefe] Graft *PD.* 11. schole] pool *PD.* 11. net] neast *RP, G* (*cp. st ligature and tt*). 13. foyld] field *G.* 14. feauer] feruor *G.* 16. raging] raungynge *RP., and the B.M. copy of Byrd.* raining *G.* 16. runnes] flees *RP.* roves *PD.* 19. nurse] maze *RP.* 21. of] to *RP.* 25-30 *from MS RP*85. 28. Whose crooked cause hath not beene after kind *G.* Whose course I see repugnant unto kinde *PD.* 29. False loue ; Desyre ;] False loue go backe *G.* 30. whence all these] from whence such *G, PD.*

III. *IN VAYNE MINE EYES IN VAINE YOV WAST YOVR TEARES, etc.*

The Arte of English Poesie, 1589, p. 165, ' written by Sir Walter Raleigh of his greatest mistresse in most excellent verses ' ; p. 167, ' that of Sir Walter Raleighs very sweet ' ; p. 168, ' in a most excellent dittie written by Sir Walter Raleigh these two closing verses.'

The author of this anonymous treatise, generally attributed to George Puttenham, quotes three times from Ralegh's poems to illustrate the figures of speech which he

is describing. The last of the quotations is from a poem beginning ' Calling to minde mine eie long went about ', in several places ascribed to Ralegh. I do not know the source of the other two. There is some likeness between the first of them and a verse set to music by Michael Este, in 1604, beginning ' In vaine my tongue thou begst to ease my care '. Their appearance in 1589 fixes the date by which Ralegh had made his reputation.

IV AND V. *METHOVGHT I SAW THE GRAVE, WHERE LAVRA LAY.* *THE PRAYSE OF MEANER WITS THIS WORKE LIKE PROFIT BRINGS.*

Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, 1590, p. 596, signed W.R. at the end of the second poem. The first edition of *The Faerie Queene* only contained three books. At the end of the third book is ' A Letter of the Authors expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke ' addressed to Ralegh. Directly after are these two poems, the second signed W.R., followed by other commendatory pieces and then by complimentary sonnets written by Spenser to his patrons. In the second edition of *The Faerie Queene* (1596) all this is omitted, except for Ralegh's poems, and one other piece of commendatory verse. They are at the end of the third book (p. 589). In later editions (1609, and the collected ed. of 1611) Ralegh's poems appear twice, once at the end of the third book, as in the quarto of 1596, and once with the rest of the complimentary verse which was left out in 1596. The position of the sheet on which this is printed varies in the different copies, and it is sometimes omitted.

There is little doubt that the poems were written by Ralegh, who had a patron's interest in *The Faerie Queene*. In the summer of 1589, when he was looking to his estates in Ireland, he visited Spenser at Kilcolman and heard him read some of the first books, then unpublished. Spenser

has described the meeting in *Colin Clouts Come home againe* which in 1591 he dedicated, with deep gratitude and respect, to Ralegh. He had reason to be grateful, for Ralegh, then a powerful favourite, rescued him from his Irish exile, and at the end of the year brought him back to Court, advising him to publish his great poem. Aubrey was probably the first to mention Ralegh's name in connection with the commendatory verses (*MS Aubr.* 6, f. 77 v.).

VI. *TO PRAISE THY LIFE, OR WAILE THY WOORTHIE DEATH.*

The Phoenix Nest. Built vp with the most rare and refined workes of Noble men, woorthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and braue Schollers. Full of varietie, excellent inuention, and singular delight. Neuer before this time published. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple Gentleman. Imprinted at London, by Iohn Iackson. 1593. P. 87, anon.

This book, recently edited by H. Macdonald, is one of the most interesting of the Elizabethan anthologies. The poems it contains show a remarkable similarity of style, as though they had not been selected at random but were the work of a group of friends. Many of the contributors are known to have been students at Oxford at about the same time, and are also associated with one another in the writing of commendatory verse. The identity of R.S., the editor, is not known. Robert Sackville has been suggested with some probability. Less than half the poems are initialled, but many of them can be found at a later date under the names of such authors as Sir Edward Dyer, Robert Greene, Sir William Herbert, Thomas Lodge, Nicholas Breton, etc. Both printer and compiler have been very careful, and where several texts of one poem are available for comparison, the readings of *The Phoenix Nest* are usually the best. This is so markedly the case that it

can only be explained by supposing that the compiler had access to first hand sources for his material. There are seven poems in the book that can reasonably be given to Ralegh, all anonymous.

Spenser, *Colin Clouts Come home againe*, 1595, sig. K2, anon. *Colin Clout*, dedicated to Ralegh in December 1591, was not published till 1595, when it appeared together with a collection of elegies on Sir Philip Sidney, the first of them Spenser's own *Astrophel*. Three, including Ralegh's, have been reprinted from *The Phoenix Nest*, with very slight differences in spelling and punctuation. *Astrophel* and the other elegies are sometimes in the 1611 edition of Spenser's poems, and sometimes among the minor poems at the end of the 1609 edition of *The Faerie Queene*.

The attribution of this poem to Ralegh depends upon the wording of the last stanza :

> ' That day their Haniball died, our Scipio fell,
> Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time.'

Sir John Harington, in his translation of *Orlando Furioso* (1591), speaks in the notes to the XVIth book of ' . . . our English Petrarke, Sir Philip Sidney, or (as Sir Walter Rawleigh in his Epitaph worthily calleth him) the Scipio and Petrarke of our time. . . .' Similar evidence is supplied by Drummond of Hawthornden, who is represented in an abstract made from his papers, as having said ' S.W.R., in an Epitaph on Sidney, calleth him our English Petrarch '. (*Works*, 1711, 226.)

The epitaph on Sidney which used to be in old St. Paul's * reads curiously like a garbled version of Ralegh's poem :

> ' England, Netherland, the Heavens, and the Arts,
> The Souldiers, and the World hath made six Parts
> Of noble Sidney ; for who will suppose,
> That a small Heape of Stones can Sidney enclose ?

* See *Winstanley's Worthies*.

England had his Body, for she it fed,
Netherland his Bloud, in her Defence shed.
The Heavens have his Soul, the Arts have his Fame,
The Souldiers the Grief, the World his good Name.'

Stanza 2 is typical of Ralegh's difficult syntax. Roughly I take it to mean 'Yet (there are some who are) rich in zeale, etc. And (who have) friendly care, etc.'

Sidney died in October 1586.

VII. *LIKE TO A HERMITE POORE IN PLACE OBSCVRE.*

The Phoenix Nest, 1593, p. 69, anon. Alfonso Ferrabosco, *Ayres* (*F*), 1609, the first song, anon. *To day a man, To morrow none: Or, Sir Walter Rawleighs Farewell to his Lady, The night before hee was beheaded: Together with his advice concerning her, and her sonne. London, Printed for R.H.* 1644. (*T*), p. 6, signed 'Walter Rawleigh'. This is a handsome pamphlet of four leaves, containing Ralegh's last letter to his wife, and two poems. Playford, *Select Musicall Ayres*, (*L*), 1652, p. 1, anon. The setting is by Nicholas Lanneare. A. Clifford, *Tixall Poetry* (*TP*), 1813, p. 115, anon. The book is a collection of poems reprinted from MSS belonging to the Aston family of Tixall in Staffordshire. *MS Addit.* 38,823 (*A*38), f. 58 v., headed 'Incerti Authoris'. This is the common-place book of Sir Edward Hoby. *MS Harl.* 6910 (*H*69), f. 139 v., anon. This is a very large and interesting collection of Elizabethan poems, many by Spenser, and some by Campion, Southwell, Essex, Sackville, etc., transcribed about 1596.

I have only seen this poem ascribed to Raleigh in one place, *To day a man, To morrow none.* Although the pamphlet is very well printed, and so probably had some care bestowed upon it by the editor, the authority of such tracts is small. An article in *The North British Review* (1870, lii. 543) mentions a manuscript copy in Edinburgh Univer-

sity Library, with the title 'Sir Walter Rayleye's last Eligie'. There is negative evidence in the fact that the poem, though it is to be found in many other places, is never given to another author, and I am inclined to look upon its appearance in *The Phoenix Nest* as positively in Ralegh's favour. It is printed there as one of a group of seven anonymous poems, between pp. 69 and 72, five of which there is reason to give to Ralegh. It is tempting to see more than coincidence here, and to suppose that all the poems in the group are his, and any reasons for assigning them to him are sound. There are poems of other poets grouped together in much the same way, those of Thomas Lodge between pp. 46 and 60, and of Nicholas Breton between pp. 21 and 28. J. P. Collier (*Archaeologia*, xxxiv. 161) brings forward the doubtful evidence of a contemporary letter, dated 1592, in which an allusion is made to Ralegh's disgrace and his own words mockingly applied to him. 'All think the Tower will be his dwelling, like hermit poore in pensive place, where he may spend his endlesse daies of doubt'. There is a strong suspicion that the document, which has not been seen by other eyes than Collier's, is a forgery. (See T. N. Brushfield, *Raleghana*, pt. 1.)

Though the author was not commonly known, the poem itself was very popular; a fact probably due to its musical setting. The song is mentioned by Walton in *The Compleat Angler* (ed. 1836, p. 159), by Pepys (12th Feb., 1666-7) and by Phineas Fletcher (ed. Boas, 1909, ii. 249). The phrase 'Like Hermit poor' appears as a catchword in Butler's *Hudibras* (1, 2, 1168), and in North's *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford* (1742, 212). A less effective version of the same poem, which we must conjecture has a foreign original, was printed in 1589 at the end of *Scillaes Metamorphosis*.

1. Like Hermite poore in pensive place obscure *A*38, *H*69, *T*, *TP*, *L*. Like Hermit poore, in place obscure *F*. 2.

meane to] will go *A*38. 2. spend] end *T*. 2. of] in *RP*, *TP*. with *T*. 3. waile] wreake *A*38. 3. cannot recure] can never cure *TP*. 4. Loue] death *TP*. 4. shall euer finde] shall finde *F*. *The final couplet appears as a refrain at the end of each quatrain in T, TP, L. T, L transpose verses* 2 *and* 3. *F omits them.* 9. graie] griefe *H*69, *RP*. 10. And broken hope shalbe my strenght and stay *H*69. And broken hope the staff of all my staye *RP*. 11. Of] And *H*69, *TP*. 12. Shall be the couch wheron my limmes Ile lay *H*69. The couch is made wherin my bones do laye *RP*.

From *Scillaes Metamorphosis*, by Thomas Lodge, 1589.

I will become a Hermit now,
and doo my penance straight
For all the errors of mine eyes
with foolish rashnes fild :
My hermitage shall placed be,
where mellancholies waight,
And none but loue alone shall knowe
the bower I meane to build.
My daylie diet shall be care,
made calme by no delight :
My dolefull drinke my drierie teares,
amidst the darkesome place
The fire that burnes my heedles heart
shall stand in stead of light,
And shall consume my wearie life
mine errors to deface.
My gowne shall be of spreding gray
to clad my limmes withall :
My late repent vpon my browe
shall plainlie written be.
My tedious griefe and great remorse
that doth my soule enthrall,
Shall serue to plead my wearie paines
and pensiue miserie.
Of faintfull hope shall be my staffe,
and daylie when I pray,
My mistris picture plac't by loue
shall witnes what I say.

VIII. *LIKE TRVTHLES DREAMES, SO ARE MY IOYES EXPIRED.*

The Phoenix Nest, 1593, p. 70, anon. *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660, p. 132, 'Farewell to the Court', signed W.R.

The attribution of this poem to Ralegh is of great importance, because it gives weight to what would otherwise be the very doubtful authority of *Le Prince d'Amour*. In the autograph MS of *Cynthia* (ll.120-124) Ralegh writes :

> Twelue yeares intire I wasted in this warr
> twelue yeares of my most happy younger dayes,
> butt I in them, and they now wasted ar
> of all which past the sorrow only stayes,
> *So wrate I once* and my mishapp fortolde.

The refrain of 'Like truthles dreames' is identical with the fourth of these lines. Sir Edmund Gosse has made the interesting conjecture, based upon similarity of style and metre, that 'Like truthles dreames' is itself part of an earlier canto of *Cynthia* (*Athenaeum*, Jan. 1886).

4. Cf. *The History of the World*, 'we find by dear and lamentable experience, and by the loss which can never be repaired, that of all our vain passions and affections past, the sorrow only abideth' (*Oxford*, i. 60). 10. waile] wait *PD*. 14. *Cf.* a letter from Ralegh to Cecil, May 10th, 1593, where he refers to his estates at Sherborne as 'my fortune's fold'.

IX. *CALLING TO MINDE MINE EIE LONG WENT ABOVT.*

The Phoenix Nest, 1593, p. 72, anon. Cotgrave, *Wits Interpreter, The English Parnassus* (*WI*), 1655, p. 99, headed 'By Sir Walter Raleigh'. John Cotgrave, the collector of this very catholic miscellany, claims in the preface that the poems are from manuscript sources and have not, to his knowledge, been published before. He flatters himself that 'the English Tongue was never honoured with a

larger, or a more Accurate Collection '. But he was not as careful an editor as he would have his readers believe. Several times a poem is repeated, either in slightly differing versions, or with different titles. Often the text is flagrantly corrupt. There is no attempt to arrange the poems in any other order than that of chance, and save in the case of the two which are attributed to Ralegh, no author's name is ever mentioned. There were editions in 1662 and 1671. *MS Ashmole* 781 (*Ash.*), p. 138, subscribed ' Sr Wa: Raleigh '. *MS Addit.* 15,227 (*A*15), f. 88 v., ' To his Loue ', subscribed ' Sr Walt: Raleigh '. Oldys, *Life of Ralegh* (*O*), p. 130 in the Oxford edition. Oldys supplies a version of the poem which he says he ' once saw in a nobleman's library, from the copy of a celebrated lady [Lady Isabella Thynne], who probably had it out of the family. It is there entitled, " The Excuse ", written by sir Walter Ralegh, " in his younger years " '. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 85 (*RP*85), f. 104 v., anon. *MS Harl.* 6910 (*H*69), f. 142 v., anon. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 31 (*RP*31), f. 2, anon. *MS Harl.* 4064, f. 232, anon. This is largely transcribed from *RP*31, and I have not noted its readings separately. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 84 (*RP*84), f. 58 v., ' A ffancy ', anon. A quotation in *The Arte of English Poesie* (1588), illustrating a figure of speech, establishes Ralegh's claim to this poem ; ' . . . as in a most excellent dittie written by sir Walter Raleigh these two closing verses :

> ' Yet when I sawe my selfe to you was true,
> I loued my selfe, bycause my selfe loued you '.

It is the final couplet of ' Calling to minde ', in favour of which there is also the evidence of three MSS and one printed book. I have had to deal drastically with the variants.

2. T'entice] To cause, *all but RP*85. 2. to seeke to leaue] to leue my pensyue *RP*85. for to forsake *all other texts*. 3. thought] sought *WI*, *A*15, *O*. 3. pull] pluck *RP*85, *RP*31, *Ash*. 4. deuice] advice *WI*, *A*15, *RP*84. 4. such vnrest]

little rest *RP*84. 4. As who had been such traitors to my rest *O*. 5. to purchase so] for to regayne *RP*85. againe to get *H*69. then to regayne *RP*31, *Ash*. again to win *WI*, *A*15, *RP*84. to win again *O*. 6. that it had seene] it had once seene *RP*85. they sayd: they'd seen *RP*84. 7. Another time] And then againe *Ash*. 7. I likewise call] I gan to call *RP*85. I called vnto *H*69, *Ash*. full sadd, I call'd *RP*31. my heart I call'd *WI*, *A*15, *RP*84, *O*. 8. It was my harte which all my woe had wrought (*var*.) *RP*85, *H*69, *RP*31, *Ash*. Thinking that he this woe on me had brought *WI*, *O*. . . . had wrought (*var*.) *A*15, *RP*84. 9. For it (to) loue my brest had first resygnde *RP*85. Because that hee to loue his fort resigned (*var*.) *H*69, *Ash*., *WI*, *A*15, *RP*84, *O*. Because hee had his fforte to Love assign'd *RP*31, *H*60. 9. fort] force *WI*, *H*60, *O* (*probably a misreading of English c*). 11. slaine] torne *RP*31. 12. forgone me cleane] mee quite fforlorne *RP*31. forgone (forgot) my claime *WI*, *A*15, *RP*84. forgone my chain *O*. 13. At length when I perceiu'd] Perceiuynge then, howe that *RP*31. 15. cause of all] causer of *RP*85, *RP*31. 16. my selfe now slay I will] that I my self would kill *WI*, *A*15, *RP*84, *O*. 17. founde] sawe *all but WI*.

X. *YOVR FACE, YOVR TONGVE, YOVR WIT.*

Nicholas Breton, *Brittons Bowre of Delights* (*B*), 1591, sig. F4 v., called 'A Sonet'. There is only one copy of the first edition, now in the Huntington Library in California. I have been able to see a transcript of this poem, as it appears there. In 1592 Breton in his *Pilgrimage to Paradise* declared that the *Bowre of Delights* was published without his authority. 'I protest', he says, 'it was donne altogether without my consent or knowledge, and many thinges of other mens mingled with a few of mine'. As a result of his complaint fifteen poems which were in the first edition were omitted in the second edition in 1597. 'Your face, your tongue, your wit' is still there (sig. F1), but there is no indication that it was Breton rather than the piratical printer, Richard Jones, who was responsible for the revision. The book therefore remains suspect. *The Phoenix Nest* (*PN*), 1593, p. 71, anon. This is the only poem

in *The Phoenix Nest* which, contrary to the compiler's statement, had been published before. William Barley, *A New Booke of Tabliture*, 1596, sig. A 4 v., anon. This is the text I am printing. It is prefixed to Barley's music book in company with several other poems of considerable merit. Barley gives settings for two of them, which partly explains their presence. Davison, *A Poetical Rapsody* (*D*), 1602, sig. L, anon., called 'A Reporting Sonnet' here and in ed. 1608. In the third and fourth editions, 1611 and 1621, it is 'In the grace of wit, of tongue, and face'. *Wits Recreations* (*WR*), 1641, sig. T v., anon. This book, supposedly compiled by Sir John Mennes and Dr. James Smith, first appeared in 1640, but Ralegh's poem is in a section called *Fancies and Fantastickes* which was not added till the second edition, in 1641. Later eds. were in 1650, 1654, 1663, 1667 and 1683. What is virtually the same book under another title, *Recreation for Ingenious Headpeeces*, was published in 1645. Cotgrave, *Wits Interpreter* (*WI*), 1655, p. 92, anon. *Le Prince d'Amour* (*PD*), 1660, p. 131, 'The Lovers Maze' subscribed W.R. *MS Addit.* 15,227 (*A*15), f. 84 v., 'Vnto his Loue', anon. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 117 (*RP*), f. 161, anon., f. 168 v., anon. Both versions are the same. *MS Addit.* 22,118 (*A*22), f. 34, 'To his Mistresse', anon. A copy with six stanzas, purporting to be the work of a 'Constant Reader' was printed in 1751 in *The Universal Magazine*.

There are three distinct versions of this poem, one of six, one of four and one of two stanzas. Each has a different ending. The longest version is in *Brittons Bowre of Delights*, Barley's *New Book of Tabliture*, Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*, *Wits Interpreter* and *MS Addit.* 15,227. The version of four stanzas is in *The Phoenix Nest* and *Le Prince d'Amour* and that of two stanzas in *MS Rawl. Poet.* 117, *MS Addit.* 22,118 and *Wits Recreations*. The attribution to Ralegh rests solely upon the initials W.R. in *Le Prince d'Amour*, which can be proved in another case to stand for Walter Ralegh. The

poem is one of the group of five in *The Phoenix Nest*. There is no one with a stronger claim, since Nicholas Breton himself declared that the *Bowre of Delights* was published without his authority. As far as style goes the poem might be Breton's, but it does not belong to a class which permits of individual handling and it is not to be found in such of his voluminous works as have survived.

1. Your] Her *B*, *D*, *WI*, *PN*, *PD*, *A*15. 2. So sweet] So smooth *WI*, *WR*, *RP*, *A*22. 3. bent] drew *WR*. moued *RP*, *A*22. 3. drew] mou'd *WR*. 3. So hite] Now hit *D*, *A*15. Then hit *PD*, *PN*. Then knit *WR*, *RP*, *A*22. 7. Your] Her *D*, *A*15, *PN*, *PD*. *ll.* 5-24 *are not in WR, RP, and A*22, *which read :*

Mine eye	Mine eare	My heart
thus drawne	thus mou'd	thus knit
affects	hangs on	yeelds to
your face	your tongue	your wit

Thus drawne thus mou'd] Thus moued, thus drawne *RP*, *A*22. 9. Your] Her *B*, *D*, *WI*, *A*15. 10. beames] beame *B*91, line *B*97. 11. blind] binde *B*. 15. Your] Her *D*, *WI*, *A*15. 19. Wrong] Wring *B*, *D*, *A*15. 19. Wound] moue *B*, *A*15. 22. bend] bind *B*, *D*, *A*15. 24. trust] loue *B*91, *D*, *A*15. *ll.* 9-16 *and* 21-24 *are not in PN and PD, which read :*

Mine eie,	Mine eare,	My hart,
To learne,	To knowe,	To feare,
Hir face,	Hir tong,	Hir wit,
Doth lead,	Doth teach,	Doth sweare.

XI. *IF ALL THE WORLD AND LOVE WERE YOVNG.*

Englands Helicon, 1600, sig. Aa2, ' The Nimphs reply to the Sheepheard ', signed Ignoto, following Marlowe's song ' The passionate Sheepheard to his loue '. It is the first complete printed text. Second ed. 1614. Shakespeare, *The Passionate Pilgrime* (*PP*), 1599, sig. D 4 v. One verse of Ralegh's poem, called ' Loues answere ', follows four verses of Marlowe's in the section entitled *Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke*. Its appearance here can raise no reasonable suspicion that Shakespeare is the true author,

so notorious is the character of the book and of William Jaggard its publisher. It may be significant that the title page of *Sonnets To sundry notes* bears no author's name. The second edition is not extant. The third was in 1612. Izaak Walton, *The Compleat Angler* (*CA*), 1653, p. 67. Walton prints the poem as the Milkmaid's mother's song ' made by Sir Walter Raleigh '. In the second edition in 1655 he adds a new stanza to Marlowe's poem and another to Ralegh's answer. Among the *Roxburghe Ballads* (*Rox.*), in the British Museum, vol. i. p. 250, are copies of both poems printed in parallel columns, on an undated broadsheet. The one appears as ' A most excellent Ditty of the Lovers promises to his beloved. To a sweet new tune, called Live with me, and be my Love ', and the other ' The Ladies prudent answer to her Love. To the same tune '. *MS Ashmole* 1486, ii. (*Ash.*), f. 66, anon. Four stanzas of Marlowe's poem are followed by a version of the answer which has much in common with the Roxburghe Broadsheet. Birch, *The Works of Sir Walter Ralegh* (*B*), 1751, vol. 2, p. 394. There is a version here whose source I do not know. It was used by Brydges in his edition of Ralegh's poems in 1813. Percy, *Reliques* (*P*), 1765, series 1, bk. ii. Percy has another version whose source is not known to me. Elizabeth Cooper, in *The Muses Library*, 1737, gives yet another version, but the variants are negligible.

The poem is assigned to Ralegh on the authority of Izaak Walton, who quotes it, together with Marlowe's song, in *The Compleat Angler*. ' Twas that smooth Song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago ; and the Milkmaids mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger dayes '. This is a casual, and perhaps not very accurate statement. Hannah objects that when the *Angler* was published Marlowe had been dead not fifty but sixty years, and that Ralegh, who was forty-one at the time of his

death, was not in ' his younger dayes '. But I do not think that Walton is disproved simply by showing that he was a little vague as to his dates, and said ' at least fifty ' when he meant sixty. It is, of course, absurd to put too high a value upon his evidence, but it is worth more than many editors have supposed. There are two poems in *Englands Helicon* where the original signature S.W.R. has been hidden by a cancel-slip, substituting the word Ignoto. The *Answer to Marlowe* has not infrequently been classed with these, and it has been suggested that Walton had no better foundation for his assertion than a sight of the obliterated initials. Since, however, such classification is inaccurate, and in the case of this particular poem the signature never was anything but Ignoto, we must give him the credit of having had another and perhaps better reason.

An anonymous testimony in Ralegh's favour is found in the copy of *Englands Helicon* in the John Rylands Library, where the signature Ignoto is followed by a note in a contemporary hand ' alias Sr Walt Ralegh '. In the manuscript catalogue of the poems in E.H. (*MS Harl.* 280, f. 99), supposed to be in the hand of Francis Davison, Marlowe's name is put to the *Invitation*, but no author is suggested for the *Answer*.

The names of Marlowe and Ralegh were linked by their contemporaries in the charge of atheism which was brought against them. It is not known how intimate they were, but they certainly appear to have been acquainted with one another. The poem given to Ralegh is one of several imitations of Marlowe's original. There is a second, signed Ignoto, in *Englands Helicon*, one by Donne in *The Compleat Angler* and one by Herrick in *Hesperides*. Notes on the tune are to be found in Chappell's *National English Airs* (ii. 130-40).

1. all] that *PP, Ash., P.* 3. Then their delightes my minde might move *Ash.* These Pleasures might my Passion move *B. Rox. and Ash. transpose the next* 2 *verses. B omits lines* 5-8. 5.

Time driues the] But time drives *CA, P.* 6. and Rocks grow] the Rocks ar *Ash.* 7. And] Then *CA, later eds.* 8. The rest] And age *CA, later eds.* And all *P.* 8. cares] times *Rox.* 9. The flowers doe fade] But flowers fade *Rox.* But flowers doe vade *Ash.* 9, 10. But fading Flowers in ev'ry Field, To Winter Floods their Treasures yield *B.* 12. fancies] pleasures *Ash.* 15. Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten *B. Rox. and Ash. omit ll.* 17-20. 19. Can me with no Inticements move *B.* 20. come to] live with *B. Rox. and CA* (*2nd ed.*) *insert a verse here. I give it as it stands in CA.*

> What should we talk of dainties then,
> Of better meat then's fit for men ?
> These are but vain : that's only good
> Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

21. But could youth] If you(th) could *Rox.* Could youth but *Ash.*

XII. *CONCEIPT BEGOTTEN BY THE EYES.*

Davison, *A Poetical Rapsody*, 1602, sig. K11, signed W.R. The title was added in later editions. In the ed. of 1621 the initials are omitted, but it is not uncommon to find signatures omitted there. Francis Davison, the compiler of the *Rapsody*, was the eldest son of Queen Elizabeth's secretary of state. He was born about 1575 and died some time before 1619. A poet himself, he was an ardent lover of poetry ; perhaps too ardent to be an accurate editor. Apart from the intrinsic merit of the verse which it contains, the especial value of the *Poetical Rapsody* lies in the fact that, like *The Phoenix Nest*, and unlike *Englands Helicon*, most of the poems were printed for the first time from MS sources. Such ascriptions as can be tested appear on the whole to be accurate, though there is some confusion among the poems ascribed to the mysterious A.W., who is the largest contributor. In his address to the reader Davison declares that he had not intended any names to appear, nor any poems by noble writers, but that these were inserted against his will by the printer. He writes, however, in the tone of the usual protective preface, whereby Elizabethans

made a pretence of publishing unwillingly. Far from omitting any of the poems so brazenly added by the printer, he enlarged his second edition.

This characteristic poem has been curiously neglected by Ralegh's editors. Hannah was the first to print it.

21. rest,] rest. *ed.* 1. rest, *eds.* 2 *and* 3.

XIII. *GIVE ME MY SCALLOP SHELL OF QVIET.*

Daiphantus, or The Passions of Loue. Comicall to Reade, but Tragicall to Act: As full of Wit, as Experience. By An. Sc. Gentleman. Wherevnto is added, The passionate mans Pilgrimage: London Printed by T.C. for William Cotton: And are to be sold at his Shop neare Ludgate. 1604. Sig. H.

Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh (*R*). A book with this title was first published in 1657, but it had been preceded by very similar collections of minor works in 1651 (*Sir Walter Raleigh's Sceptick*, etc.) and in 1656 (*Maxims of State*, etc.). There were later editions in 1661, 1664, 1669, 1675, 1681 and 1702. It is simplest to refer to the whole series as *The Remains*, and I shall do this in future. They do not all contain the same pieces, but the poems are never omitted. There are three of them, together with Ralegh's last speech and some of his letters. This one is on p. 135, in ed. 1651, called 'Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage'. *A Broadside of* 1681, in the Wood collection in the Bodleian, prints the poem as 'The Pilgrimage. Written by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, After his Condemnation, The Day before his Death'. It is a very bad text, elaborately set out with capitals, italics and apostrophes. (Variants not noted.) *MS Harl.* 6057 (*H*), f. 22 v., headed 'Sr Walter Rawleighes Pilgrimage', and signed 'Sr: Walter Rawleigh'. *MS Addit.* 25,303 (*A*25), f. 71 v., 'Sr Walter Rawleighs Pilgrimage'. *MS Addit.* 21,433 is a transcript of *MS Addit.* 25,303, and its readings (f. 82) are not recorded separately. It is the MS to which Hannah refers as 'belonging to the late Mr.

Pickering'. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 160 (*RP*), f. 57, 'Sir Walter Raleighs Pilgrimage'. *MS Ashmole* 38 (*Ash.*), p. 59, 'Verses Made by Sr Walter Raleigh the night before hee was beheaded', signed 'Sr W: Ralighe'. *MS Addit.* 18,044, f. 155, 'Sr Walter Railieghs Pilgrim'. Most of the verse in this collection seems to have been transcribed from printed books, in this case the *Remains*. (Variants not separately recorded.)

A strong manuscript tradition gives this poem to Ralegh and supports the evidence of the *Remains*. The poem itself so perfectly fits Ralegh's circumstances after his trial in 1603 that it is not easy to put it aside as the freak of a fantastic imagination. The very oddness of the style suggests a personal emotion. On 17th Nov., 1603, Ralegh was condemned to death, and it was not till 6th Dec. that he was reprieved. So the further tradition, which assigns the date of composition to the night before his death, is not wholly false. The poem may very well have been written in expectation of death.

It is difficult to explain how, in 1604, it came to be published under the initials An. Sc. In 1548 there are records of books printed by Anthony Scoloker, but there is no later mention of this name, which is the only one so far suggested to fit the initials. *Daiphantus* is a long poem, neither very distinguished nor very intelligible. The general drift is so obscure that Mr. Bullen is inclined to believe it is an allegory of which we have lost the key. There is nothing in its conventional manner and metre to connect it with the violent imagery and free rhythms of the poem which follows it. It is just possible that there is some significance in the fact that actually the title page gives *Daiphantus* alone to An. Sc. and does not mention the author of the other poem. It runs: *Daiphantus: or The Passions of Loue. . . . By An. Sc. Gentleman. Wherevnto is added, The passionate mans Pilgrimage*'. It is natural to infer that An. Sc. is the author of everything in the book,

but the title page does not definitely say so. It is reminiscent of the original title-page of the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* to which Jaggard had added two verse epistles by Thomas Heywood. *The Passionate Pilgrime. . . . By W. Shakespere. The third Edition. Where-unto is newly added two Loue-Epistles.* It was the habit of Elizabethan printers, if we are to believe Davison, to add poems on their own authority, to increase the bulk of a book, and *Daiphantus*, even with the addition, is very slim.

7. balmer] onely Balmer *R*, *A*25. only Balme *H*. 8. will] can *H*, *A*25. 8. there] here *RP*, *Ash*. 9. a white] a quiet *R*, *H*, *A*25. quiet *RP*, *Ash*. 10. to] towards *R*, *Ash*. 11. the] all the *RP*. 12. spring the] doe spring those *RP*. 13. And there Ile] There I will *R*, *H*, *A*25. 13, 14. And I there will sweetly kisse The happy bowle of peacefull blisse *RP*. 15. And drink] Drinking *RP*. Drinck *Ash*. 15. eternall] everlasting *R*, *H*, *A*25. 16. On euery] Upon every *R*, *H*, *A*25. fflowing on each *RP*. *H*, *A*25 *omit ll.* 17, 18. 18. nere thirst more] thirst no more *R*, *RP*, *Ash*. *R omits ll.* 19-22 *here and inserts them after l.* 28. 19. And by the] Then by that *R*. Before that *H*,*A*25. And in that *Ash*. In that *RP*. 19. happie blisfull] blissfull *Ash*. 19. way] day *R*, *A*25, *RP*, *H*, *Ash*. 21. shooke] cast *R*, *H*, *A*25. 21 gownes] rags *R*, *A*25. 22. goe] walk *R*. *H*, *A*25 *omit ll.* 23-28. 23. bring] take *R*, *RP*, *Ash*. 24. To slake their] to quench my *R*. 25. then to tast those] tast of *R*, then tast of *RP*. 28. Christall] heauenly *Ash*. 31. holy] blessed *R*. hilly *H*, *A*25. *Ash omits ll.* 33, 34. 33. Saphire] and saphir(de) *A*25, *H*. 33. floores] flowers (*a possible spelling of* '*floors*') *R*, *H*. 34. and Pearle] and Pearly *R*, *H*, *A*25. Pearly *RP*. 35. Bribeles] Bliss-full *Ash*. 36. voyces] Lawers *H*, *Ash*. *H transposes ll.* 37, 38. 38. forg'd] false *H*. 41. without] of all *RP*. 42. he hath] hath *H*, *A*25. 43. When] And when *R*, *A*25, And where *H*. 44. with] and *Daiphantus*. 44. sinfull] direfull *R*. awfull *A*25. dreadfull *Ash*. Poore mortall mans accuseinge furies *H*. 49. mouest]giust *H*, *A*25, *RP*. 53. Seeing] That since *R*, *H*, *A*25. 55. my vaines] veynes shall *H*. 55. start and spred] spread *A*25. 55. Just at the stroke of death my arms being spread *RP*. 57. Then am] Soe shall *RP*. 58. To tread] Tread *RP*. 58. which before I writ] shewne in thy holy writ *RP*.

59, 60. Of Death and Judgement, Heaven and Hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs Die well. *R*.

XIV. *GOE SOVLE THE BODIES GVEST.*

Davison, *A Poetical Rapsodie*, 1611, p. 15, 'The Lie', anon. The poem was first printed in the second edition of 1608, but since all known exemplars are in America, I am obliged to use the third ed. Josuah Sylvester, *Posthumi* (*S*), 1633, p. 642, 'The Soules Errand'. This is one of the posthumous pieces at the end of the collected edition of Sylvester's works. It consists of six verses of the original poem, with fourteen additional verses not to be found elsewhere and possessed of no poetical merit. Donne, *Poems of Lord Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Ruddier* (*P*), 1660, p. 104, headed 'Sonnet. P.' *The Student, or, the Oxford, and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany* (*Stud.*), 1750, p. 393, 'Verses by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt.', with a note 'As these are from a MS of Sir Walter's, the orthography is carefully preserv'd'. It is not, however, the distinctive orthography of the Hatfield MS and the letters, and I doubt very much the implication that the MS was autograph. At any rate the suggested date, 1603, is false. J. P. Collier, *A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language* (*C*), 1865, ii, p. 224, 'Sir Walter Wrawly his Lye'. Collier has transcribed the poem from a contemporary MS in his possession. It is followed, he says, by a 'Response'. *MS Chetham* 8012 (*Chet.*), p. 103, signed 'Wa. Raleigh', with an 'Answer' 'Go Eccho of the minde'. This is a common-place book in the Chetham Library, Manchester. *MS Harl.* 6910 (*H*69), written *c.* 1596, f. 141 v., anon. *MS Addit.* 5832. (*A*58), f. 218, 'A Lye to the World'. The original heading 'By Sir Wa: Raleigh' has been cancelled, and in its place is written 'By the royall Earle of Essex'. The poem is a careful transcript by the Rev. William Cole, from an earlier MS, unknown to me. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 172 (*RP*1), f. 12 v., 'Dr. Latworthe lye to all estates'. Beneath it, headed 'London's Lie' are two spurious verses. On f. 13

is an answer, ' Go, Eccho of the minde ', ascribed to Essex, ' Courts scorne ', ascribed to Ralegh, and ' Courts Comender ', anon. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 212 (*RP*2), f. 88, headed ' W.R. farewell made by D: Lat: ' This copy incorporates nine answering verses, beginning ' Flye soule ye bodies guide ' alternating verse by verse with the original. On f. 90 is ' Go, Eccho of the minde ' anon., f. 91, ' Courts scorne ', ' thought to bee made by R. Essex ', f. 91 v., ' Courts Comender ', ' A reproofe of this made by the first '. *MS Eng. Poet. d.* 3 (*EP*), f. 2 v., anon. The transcript breaks off abruptly at the ninth verse. A leaf has perhaps been torn out, for the catch-words ' tell fortune ' promise a continuation on the next page. *MS All Souls* clv (*AS*), in All Souls College, Oxford, f. 18 v., anon., headed ' Satyr on all things ', and followed by ' Courtes skorninge '. *The Workes of the Lady Ann Southwell* (*LA*), f. 2, signed ' Anne Southwell '. This is a MS volume of poetry in various hands, in the possession of Mr. H. C. Folger of New York. The papers were collected after the lady's death by the pious but indiscriminating care of her second husband, Major Sybthorpe, who does not seem always to have distinguished between original work and copies. There are several unsigned poems which are certainly not by Lady Anne, and there is a very curious ascription of Henry King's *Exequy* to ' Mr Barnard brother to Mr Jernagan, that dyed at Acton '. The text of *The Lie* differs considerably from that found elsewhere, and is further complicated by corrections, in the same hand that is responsible for the signature ' Anne Southwell '. Lady Anne was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Harris of Cornworthy, Devon, and was first married to Thomas Southwell of Spixworth, Norfolk. She died in Oct. 1636, aged 63. *MS Douce, f.* 5 (*Dc.*), f. 11, headed ' Sr Walter Rawleighes farewell '. *MS Harl.* 2296 (*H*22), f. 135, anon. *MS Tanner* 306 (*Tan.*), f. 188, anon., with an answer. *MS Addit.* 29,764 (*A*29), f. 9, ' The Souls Errand '. This is a

transcript from an unknown source sent by Matthew Ogle to Sheridan in 1803, as 'a Copy of the vigorous verses written by the great Sir Walter Raleigh after his condemnation'. The catalogue of the late F. A. White's MSS mentions an autograph copy. I have been unable to discover who is its present owner.

Five copies give this poem to Ralegh. Three of them are not contemporary, but profess to be from contemporary sources. No other claimant has so much MS evidence in his favour. And this is not confined to the subscription of the original poem. Ralegh's name is in one of the contemporary answers which it provoked.

> 'Go Eccho of the minde,
> a careles troth protest;
> make answere that rude *Rawly*
> no stomack can disgest.

This is in the *Chetham MS* and also in *MS Rawl. Poet.* 212, where the third line runs 'Make answere that so raw a lye'.

Six copies are anonymous and six mention other claimants. To the claims of Sylvester, Pembroke and Lady Anne Southwell the same objections can be made. In each case the ascription is posthumous, and in each case other ascriptions, made at the same time, can be proved inaccurate. Two poems almost certainly by Campion are printed with Sylvester's *Posthumi*. Donne, among other enormities, gives poems by Dyer and Carew to Pembroke, and a poem by Wotton to Rudyard. Lady Anne's book I have already described. Finally, in each case the accompanying text shows, if the usual thirteen-stanza version is the original, some marked imperfection. An additional objection to Pembroke's claim is that he was born in 1580 and MS evidence shows the poem to have been written in 1596 if not earlier.

In one MS Ralegh's name is crossed out in favour of Essex. In other places the doggerel 'Answers' to 'The Lie' are, I think with more probability, assigned to him.

He was a versifier, if not a poet, and Ralegh's bitter rival ; a likely man to write an answer if Ralegh wrote the original poem.

The ascriptions of *RP*212 and *RP*172 to a 'Dr Latworthe' are difficult to understand ; the more so because one of them brings in Ralegh, in the curious title 'W.R. farewell made by D: Lat:' Since they agree in the ascription they must have a common source, but they disagree in text and in the ascriptions of the 'Answers', so the relationship cannot be very close. I can find no record of a Latworthe receiving a doctor's degree, but there were several Lapworths at Cambridge at the end of the sixteenth century, and one of them, Edward Lapworth of Corpus Christi College, was admitted Doctor of Physic in 1611, when he was Master of Magdalen College, Oxford. He was born in 1574, became first Sedleian reader in natural philosophy in 1618 and in 1619 Linacre physic lecturer. He was a scholar and something of a poet. A list of his poems, mostly commendatory Latin verse, is in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and in Bloxam's *Register of Magdalen College, Oxford.* It is natural to suppose that he is the Dr. Latworthe of *RP*212 and *RP*172 (see also *MS Ashmole* 781, a poem headed 'Dr Latworthe upon his death bed'). But it is not natural to suppose that some time in or before 1596, which is the date of the earliest MS in which it appears, he wrote a poem purporting to be Ralegh's farewell. There was nothing then for Ralegh to be taking a farewell of. Possibly the incorporated reply in *RP*212 is what he really did write.

Ritson (*Bibl. Poet.* p. 308) claims the poem under the inaccurate title 'The Answer to the lye' for Francis Davison, but gives no reasons. Thomas Campbell, who printed it in *Specimens of the British Poets* in 1819 as 'The Soul's Errand', declared it to be the poem to which Gascoigne refers in the introduction to his *Posies* as 'the Soulknill of M. Edwards'. We have no poem called

' Soulknill ', though that title has been conjecturally given to some unnamed verses, signed R.E. in *MS Cotton Titus A* xxiv. (see *Mod. Lang. Notes*, xxiii. 130). There is enough of Edwards' poetry, however, to show how unlikely it is that he could have written ' The Lie '. Hannah dismisses both ascriptions as editorial freaks.

The poem professes to have been written at the point of death. Hence it has been dated 1618, the year when Ralegh died, or 1603, the year he was condemned. Neither date is correct because there is a copy in *MS Harley* 6910, written about 1596.* Malone says he had a MS. in which it was dated 1595 (Malone's *Shakespeare*, 1821, ii. 579), and Campbell says ' it can be traced to a MS of a date as early as 1593 '. In 1592 Ralegh was in disgrace over the affair of Elizabeth Throckmorton. He was in the Tower, never in the slightest danger of his life, but doubtless very wretched, regretting that he ever put his trust in princes. This seems the likeliest date if his claim to the poem is accepted. It is not of the strongest, since the available evidence is so conflicting. The poem appears to have been a waif upon which many indiscriminating hands were laid. It is a poem which anyone might be proud to own, and has something of the sombre seventeenth-century temper, so that it could be ascribed without crying absurdity to seventeenth-century poets. But the early date of the MS copies is very much in Ralegh's favour, and though the claimants are many none has a strong case. Ralegh was a great enough man to have written it ; its gloom and discontent were qualities of his straining mind. He, among all the Elizabethan poets, most faithfully kept his anonymity. The bulk of direct MS evidence gives the poem to him. Most of all, the answer in which he is addressed by name ought to weigh in his favour.

* Unfortunately this date cannot be claimed with certainty to be that of *all* the transcripts in *Harley* 6910. But it is generally agreed that ' The Lie ' did appear in early MSS.

I am printing examples of these answers, which are such as public opinion would have applied to Ralegh any time before 1603, when his trial invested him with a new and splendid pathos. With them I print two verses which sometimes appear as part of the original text. Owing to their coarseness and ineptness they are generally dismissed as spurious. In *MS RP*172 Ralegh's name is put to 'Courts scorne' and in *Ash.* 781 to 'Courts Comender'. The second ascription, according to Hannah, shows that he was thought to have 'an Author's right of appearing in behalf of his own production'. I am not noting the variants in the refrain, which are many, confusing and unimportant. *S* has no refrain except in the first verse.

1. Goe] Hence *C.* 2. upon a thankelesse] in an vnthankfull *RP*1. 2, 3. Goe giue the world the lye, Scharce welcome I dare warrant *RP*1. 3. Feare] Spare *RP*2. 3. touch] teach *P.* 7. Say to] Goe tell *S, Stud., LS, A*29. 8. rotten] painted *Stud.* 9. Say to] Goe, tell *Stud., LS, A*29. 14. acting by] and act but *AS.* Acting but *all other texts save S and H*69. 14. others] oh ! there *Stud.* 15. vnlesse] except *H*69. 16. affection(s)] a faction *S, Chet., RP*2, *EP.* their faction(s) *all other texts save RP*1 *and H*69. 20. mannage the estate] tend (the) affaires of state *C, RP*1. in affairs of State *S, H*69. rule(s) affairs of state *all other texts.* 22. onely] is on *H*22. 28. like] seek(s) *all other texts.* 28. Seeke but a selfe-commending *S.* 31. *LS omits this verse.* 31. wants] lacks *Stud., A*29. 31. Tell zeale it's blinde devotion *H*69. 33. it meets but motion] it is but motion *P, Stud., Chet., A*58, *AS, Dc., A*29. it meanes but motion *C.* it's but a motion *H*69. it fites but motion *RP*1. it (*blank*) but motion *EP.* it makes ill motion *Tan. A. H. Bullen conjectures* metes *meaning* measures. 33. Tell Priests they hunt Promotion *S.* 37. *Here S begins the* 13 *spurious verses. LS omits.* 39. Tell truth how that she blasteth *H*69. 43. *RP*2, *LS and Dc. omit this verse.* 43. tickle points] tricks and points *P.* fickle pointe(s) *Stud., RP*1. tickle tricks *Tan., A*29. 46. in ouer wisenesse] in others wiseness *P.* by much precisenes *H*69. in her own wiseness *A*29. 48. *EP ends here.* 50 preuention] pretension *Stud., A*29. perversion *P, Dc.* 51. of] of her *P, Dc.* it is *H*69. 52. Lawe] loue *RP*1. 55. *H*22 *and Tan. omit this verse.* 60. *Dc and P end here.* 61. *H*22 *omits this verse.* 62. vary] uallue

Tan. 63. want] lack *Stud.*, *C*, *Chet.*, *RP*2, *H*22, *Tan.* 64. so much on seeming] on overweening *AS.* too much on seeming *all other texts.* 67. *LS omits this verse.* 67. its fled] itt flyes *Tan.* 69. manhood] Man hee *A*58. 69. off] of *Davison.* 70. preferred] preferreth *all other texts.* 75. Because] Although *all other texts.* 73, 74. So when as I commanded thee / thou hast done all thy blabbinge *RP*1.

A verse inserted before the last in *MS Chetham.* (See also *A*58, *RP*172, *H*22.)

Tell London of her stewes
and cityzens of Vsury
and though it be no newes
tell courtezans of Lechery
and if they do replye
they best deserue the lye.

A verse at the end of *MS Harl.* 2296. (See also *A*58, *RP*172.)

Lett Cuckouldes be remembred
I will not die theire detter
theire heades are strongelie armed
to beare the brunte the better
If they themselves denighe
Theire wifes doe knowe they lie.

Verses peculiar to Lady Anne Southwell. The words in italics are cancelled in the MS in favour of the words in brackets.

Tell schooles they (ar not sounde) *want profoundnes*
And onelie liue by seeminge
Tell artes they want true grounde
And (thriue) but by esteeminge *liue*

Tell Phisicke of her boldenes
Tell nature of decay
Tell Charitie of coldenes
Tell iustice of delay

Tell beautie it is a flourish
Tell tyme it steales a way
Tell (thoughts) they all must perish *faults*
And fortune doth betray

Answers to *The Lie*

From *MS Chetham* 8012, p. 107, the punctuation modernized. (See also *MS RP*212, f. 90.)

Go, Eccho of the minde,
a careles troth protest ;
make answere that rude *Rawly*
no stomack can disgest.

for why ? the lies discent
is over base to tell ;
to vs it came from Italy,
to them it came from hell.

What reason proues, confesse,
What slander saith, denye ;
Let no vntruth with triumph passe,
but never giue the lye.

confesse, in glittering court
all ar not goulde that shine ;
yet say one pearle, and much fine gould,
growes in that Princes minde.

confesse, that many leaues
do overgrowe the grounde ;
yet say with in the fielde of God
good corne is to be founde.

confesse, som iudge vniust
the widowes right delay ;
yet say there ar some Samuels
that never say her nay.

admitte some man of state
do pitch his thoughtes to hie ;
is that a rule for all the rest,
their loyall hartes to trie ?

your wittes ar in the waine,
your autumne in the bud ;
you argue from particulars,
your reason is not good.

and still that men may see
lesse reason to commend you,
I marvaile most, amongst the rest,
how schooles and artes offende you.

but whie pursue I thus
the witlesse wordes of winde ?
the more the crab doth seeke to creepe,
the more she is behinde.

in church and common wealth,
in court and country both,
what ! nothing good, but all to bad
that every man doth loath ?

The further that you raunge,
your errour is the wider ;
the bee sometimes doth hony suck,
but sure you ar a spider.

and so my counsaile is,
for that you want a name,
to seeke some corner in the darke,
to hide your self from shame.

there wrapp the sely flye
With in your spitefull webbe ;
both church and court may want you well,
they ar not at such ebbe.

as quarrels once begun
ar not so quickly ended,
so many faultes may soone be founde,
But not so soone amended.

and when you come againe,
to giue the world the lye,
I pray you tell them how to liue,
and teach them how to dye.

From *MS Ashmole* 781, p. 164. (See also *MS RP*212, f. 91, *MS RP*172, f. 13, *MS All Souls* and Collier.)

The answre to the Lye:

Courts scorne, states disgracinge
Potentates scoffe, Goverments defacinge
Princes toutch, churches vnhallowinge
Artes Iniury, virtues debacing
Ages monster, Honnors wasting
Bewties blemish, Favors blastinge
Witts excrement, wisedoms vomit

Phisickes scorne, Lawes Comet
Fortunes child, valors defiler
Iustice revenger, Frendships beguiler
such is the songe, such is the Author
worthy to be rewarded with a halter.

From *MS Ashmole* 781, p. 164. (See also *MS RP*212, *MS RP*172.)

Erroris Responsio

Courts Comender, states maintayner,
Potentates defender, goverments Joyner
Princes prayser, churches Preacher
Arts rayser, virtues teacher
Ages rewarder, Honnors strengthner
Beautys guarder, favours lengthener
Witts admirer, wisedomes scholler
Phisickes desirer, Lawes follower
Fortunes blamer, natures observer
Iustice proclaimer, Frindships preserver,
such is the Author, such is the songe
Retorninge the halter, Contemning the wrong.
Sr Wa: Ra:

XV. *WHAT IS OVR LIFE? A PLAY OF PASSION.*

Orlando Gibbons, *The First Set of Madrigals and Mottets*, 1612, sig. C v., anon. This is the only printed version. *MS Sloane* 1489 (*Sl.*14), f. 21 v., signed 'Sr Wa: Raleigh'. *MS Addit.* 18,044 (*A*18), f. 154 v., headed 'Sr Walter Raleigh of life and death'. Most of the contents of the MS are from printed sources, but I know of none for this poem, since it is not Gibbons' version. *MS Harl.* 7332 (*H*73), f. 125, called 'Verses syr Walt. Rauleigh made the same morning he was executed'. *MS Addit.* 25,303, f. 118 v., anon. *MS Addit.* 21,433 (*A*21), f. 113 v., signed 'Sr. W: R:' This MS, formerly in the possession of Mr. Pickering, which seems in many respects to be a transcript of *MS Addit.* 25,303, has a better copy of 'What is our

life '. I am not quoting the first MS. *MS Addit.* 15,227 (*A*15), f. 14 v., ' Vita Fabula ', signed ' Tho: Dod, Iesu '. *MS Addit.* 25,707 (*A*25), f. 7 v., anon. *MS Sloane* 1792 (*Sl.*17), f. 56, ' Mans life ', anon., and f. 113, ' On the life of man ', anon. Distinguished as *Sl.*17 and *Sl.*17*b*. They are apparently in the same hand. *MS Harl.* 6057 (*H*60), f. 14 v., ' On the brevity of mans life ', anon. *MS Ashmole* 38 (*Ash.*), p. 154, anon. *MS Harl.* 3511 (*H*35), f. 1, ' Vpon mans life ', anon. *MS Lansdowne* 777 (*Lans.*7), f. 70, ' On Mans Life ', anon. *MS Ashmole* 36 (*Ash.*36), f. 35, anon. *MS Burley* (*B*), a common-place book belonging to Sir Henry Wotton, which was preserved at Burley on the Hill, and recently destroyed by fire, contained an anonymous copy which has been transcribed by Prof. Grierson, and is printed in the appendix to his edition of Donne's poems. *MS Lansdowne* 498 (*Lans.*4), f. 60, anon. *MS Addit.* 30,982 (*A*30), f. 139, ' Song ', anon. *MS Douce f.* 5 (*Dc.*), f. 5, anon. *MS Ashmole* 47 (*Ash.*47), f. 51 v., ' On mans life ', anon. *MS Eng. Poet. e.* 14 (*EP*), f. 101, anon. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 117 (*RP*), f. 271, anon. *MS Egerton* 923 (*Eg.*9), f. 8, ' Of the life of man ', anon. *MS Egerton* 2230 (*Eg.*22), f. 7 v., anon. *MS Addit.* 10,309, f. 125 v., has an anonymous poem of eighteen lines headed ' By a dying Man ' which closely resembles ' What is our Life '. With losing brevity it has lost dignity.

It is strange that this poem, so popular with common-place collectors, does not appear in some contemporary anthology, for the editors of these cast their nets widely. It is almost as strange that there is so seldom an author's name put to it; a fact not unfavourable to Ralegh's claim. Its gloomy tone is his, but he shared that with many men of the early seventeenth century, and there is nothing very distinctive about the style. The subscription in *MS Addit.* 15,227, ' Tho. Dod, Iesu ', must, I think, refer to a Thomas Dod who matriculated from Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1592, and held various important positions

in the church (see Venn, *Alumn. Cantab.*). I cannot find that he was a poet, but he may of course have written occasional verse.

There is a passage in *The History of the World* in which Ralegh compares man's life to a play (*Oxford*, iii. 42).

No two copies of this poem are alike, and I have been drastic with variants.

1. our] mans *A*25, *H*35,*Lans.*7. this *Ash.*36, *Eg.*9. 2. And what our mirth, but musicke of diuision *A*25. 4. this] tymes *H*73, *A*25, *Ash.*, *Dc.* lifes *all other texts save Sl.*17*b*. 4. Comedy] Tragedy *Sl.*14, *H*73, *A*25, *Ash.*36. 5. Earth is the stage : Heauen the spectatour is *Ash.*38, *Sl.*14, *H*73, *H*60, *Lans.*7, *Lans.*4, *EP*. The earth the stage *etc.* *A*15, *A*21, *Sl.*17*b*, *B*, *A*30, *Dc.*, *Ash.*47.

5. The world that God and nature sets us on,
   Is but the stage which we must act upon :
   God the judicious, sad, spectatour is *H*35.

6. *Every MS has a slightly different version. I give four typical examples :*

   who doth behould who ever actes amisse *H*60.
   To see whats acted well and what amisse *Lans.*7.
   Who sitts, and sees, what here we act amisse *Ash.*36
   Who still doth note who ere doth do amisse *B*.

7. hide] shelter *Lans.*7, shrouds *Lans.*4, *Ash.*47. 7. searching] scorching *A*21, *A*25, *Sl.*17, *H*60, *Ash.*, *H*35, *Ash.*36, *A*30, *Dc.* Burning *A*15. parching *Lans.*4, *Ash.*47, *Eg.*22. 9. march we playing] playing run (post) we *Sl.*14, *A*21, *A*15, *Sl.*17*b*, *H*35, *Lans.*7, *Lans.*4, *A*30, *Ash.*47, *Eg.*9, *Eg.*22. acting play we *Ash.*36. dying hast wee *Sl.*17. 10. Onely we] And then we *Sl.*14, *A*25, *H*60, *Lans.*7, *Ash.*36, But yet (then) we *A*15, *Ash.*36. But dying *Sl.*17. Where we *Sl.*17*b*. At last we *H*35. Where we shall (doe) *Lans.*4, *Ash.*47, *A*30. Then, then we *Eg.*22. 10. that's no Iest] not in iest *Sl.*14, *A*21, *Sl.*17, *H*60, *H*35, *Lans.*7, *Ash.*36, *Lans.*4, *A*30, *Ash.*47, *EP*, *Eg.*9, *Eg.*22. *B*, *H*73, *A*25, *Dc.* *omit ll.* 9, 10.

BY A DYING MAN (*MS Addit.* 10,309).

What is our life ? a play, the stage, this earth :
The Actors, wee : the entrance, is our birth :
The port, fancy : passion lendeth parts

As various as our states, our ends, our harts.
The Musicke that twixt Sceanes is interlac'd,
Short-mingled-mirth, to sweaten lifes distast.
Our mothers wombes the tyring-houses be
Where we are drest to act lifes Tragedie
Heauens sharp-iudicious-eye, spectator is,
That censures euery sceane we act amisse.
Our winding sheets that shroud vs from the Sunne
Are like drawne curtaines, when the play is done.
T'untire vs then retire we to our tombe
Where all's put of we tooke from mothers wombe
An after banquet makes this play complete
Wormes are our guests, our Carkase is their meat
Thus 'gan our play, thus ends it, and thus I
My play haue ended : and now praying die.

XVI. *HAD LVCAN HID THE TRVTH TO PLEASE THE TIME.*

Sir Arthur Gorges, *Lucans Pharsalia*, 1614, sig. A 4 v., signed W.R. Sir Arthur Gorges, the translator of Lucan, was a Devonshire man and first cousin to Ralegh. He was associated with him as one of the volunteers against Spain, and in 1597 he commanded the ship in which Ralegh sailed as vice-admiral to the Azores. In 1607 he published an account of the expedition, upholding Ralegh in his quarrel with Essex.

XVII. Metrical translations from *The History of the World.*

Ralegh, *The History of the World*, 1614. Ralegh's *History* first appeared in 1614 with an engraved frontispiece bearing that date, and no printed title-page. It was anonymous. Such was its popularity that between 1614 and 1687 there were eleven editions of folio size, but it was not until after the issue of 1634 that any alteration was made in the frontispiece, which up to and inclusive of that year bears the original date of 1614. The true date of publication is only to be found in the colophon. After

1634 the date on the engraving was altered. The dates of the seventeenth century editions are 1614, 1617 (two), 1621, 1628, 1634, 1652, 1666, 1671, 1677 and 1687. In 1736 the last of the folio editions was issued, to which was prefixed Oldys' *Life of Ralegh*. Mr. T. N. Brushfield, after careful collation, is of opinion that the first edition presents the best text, an opinion shared by the Oxford editors. (See Brushfield's *Bibliographies*, 1885, 1886.)

One at least of the metrical translations in *The History of the World* is not by Ralegh. This is the first, Book I, Chap. I, § 5, which is from A. Golding's *Ovid* (*Metam.* i. 5-8). The rest appear to be Ralegh's own. The general level of achievement is very high, and that in itself is sufficient to distinguish them from most Elizabethan translations. Hannah suggests that he may owe some to Ben Jonson, who helped him with the *History*.

I have corrected several errors of the press. In No. 12 the third and fourth lines have been accidentally transposed in the ed. of 1614. In the next ed. the mistake is rectified. In No. 28 the translation of 'Me Chaos antiqui vocabant' is misprinted 'The ancient call'd me Chaos' and in No. 59 the translation of 'Regnarumque sub armis' is printed 'and under arms of Queene'. I owe the verification and completion of the references to Hannah. Ralegh frequently leaves them incomplete, or omits them altogether. Tytler was the first to suggest that these fragments should be included among Ralegh's poems, and Hannah was the first to act upon the suggestion. He includes single lines, which I have omitted, as of no great interest.

XVIII. *EVEN SVCH IS TIME, WHICH TAKES IN TRVST.*

Ralegh, *The Prerogatiue of Parliaments in England*, 1628, p. [66]. Second ed. 1640. *To day a man, To morrow none*

(*T*), 1644, p. 5, signed 'Walter Rawleigh'. Ralegh, *Remains* (*R*), 1651, 1656, 1657, etc. In some copies 'Euen such is time' appears twice over, once with the other poems, where it is called 'Sir Walter Raleigh's Verses; Found in his Bible in the Gate-House at Westminster', and once with *The Prerogatiue of Parliaments*, which is sometimes bound up among the rest of the miscellaneous pieces covered by the general title of *Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh. Reliquiae Wottonianae* (*RW*), 1651, p. 538, under 'Poems Found among the Papers of S. H. Wotton', with the title 'Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his Death'. Winstanley, *England's Worthies* (*WW*), 1660, p. 305, quoted at the end of Ralegh's life as an epitaph made by himself. *MS Addit.* 10,309 (*A*10), f. 141, headed 'Nox ante obitum. Sr W.R. 29 october. 1618'. *MS Sloane* 1842 (*Sl.*), a volume of alchemical treatises, has a copy of the poem cut out from somewhere else and pasted in at the end. It is too closely shaved to show title or ascription. *MS Addit.* 30,982 (*A*30), f. 21 v., anon.; f. 148 v., headed 'on Sr: Water Rawly'. The second copy is too corrupt to be worth noting. *MS Tanner* 82 (*Tan.*82), f. 244, with the same title as the *Remains* but not quite the same text. *MS Chetham* 8012 (*Chet.*), p. 162, headed 'Sr Walter Raleigh'. *MS Addit.* 18,044, f. 153 v., a copy of the version in *Rel. Wotton*. *MS Lansdowne* 777 (*Lans.*), f. 64, 'Sr W: Raleigh de seipso'. *MS Harl.* 1576 (*H*), f. 2, signed 'Wal: Raleigh'. *MS Tanner* 74 (*Tan.*74), f. 144 v., ascribed to Ralegh the night before he died. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 26 (*RP*), f. 2, 'Sr Walter Raleigh's Epitaph on his owne death, Novemb: 1618', signed W.R.; f. 69 v., 'His owne Epitaph' signed 'W. Raleigh'. The two versions are identical. *MS Dobell* (*Dob.*), in the possession of Mr. Percy Dobell, 'Sr Walter Rawleigh hys verses written in his byble a lyttell before his deathe'. *MS Drummond* (*Dr.*), from Laing's transcript in *Arch. Scot.* (iv. 238). *MS Wood, F.* 39 (*Aubr.*), f. 223 v., a transcript

made by Aubrey who says ' These lines Sir Walter Ralegh wrote in his Bible, the night before he was beheaded '. Two copies in the State Papers, *Dom. James I, 96*, No. 71, and *103*, No. 51, are assigned to Ralegh. They yield no variants. An unusual version, from the commonplace book of Adam Winthrop, is in *The Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society 1873-1875*, p. 98. Chamberlain, writing to Carleton, Nov. 7, 1618, promises him ' halfe a dosen verses he (Ralegh) made the night before his death, to take his farewell of poetrie wherin he had ben a pidler euen from his youth ', but the enclosure is lost.

Manuscripts and printed books are alike unanimous in assigning to Ralegh this famous verse, supposed to have been written the night before he died. But though both traditions, that it is Ralegh's and that he wrote it in 1618, are of the strongest, fresh evidence has recently come to light pointing to a different date and a different occasion. This is the discovery, made by Mr. A. H. Bullen, of a poem in *MS Harl.* 6917, (No. XXII in this book), where the last verse, save for the three introductory words, is identical with the first six lines of ' Euen such is time.' If it is true that Ralegh wrote these lines in his Bible in 1618 the first three words and the concluding couplet are all that had not been written before in a lighter mood. But the knowledge that he was recasting old work makes the date if anything more probable, for the poem becomes less of a psychological curiosity, and it is characteristic of his sombre temper that even his love songs could at will supply an epitaph.

The first printed text, from the *Prerogatiue of Parliaments*, is in many ways a good one, but I have made two emendations, in places where it varies from the majority of texts, including those that presumably represent the original version, *Harley* 6917, etc. The variant in l. 2 is supported only by Winstanley and the corrupt second version of *MS A*30, and in l. 4 by *MS Lansdowne*.

1. trust] haste *Dob.* 2. youth] strength *Tan.*82. 2. our Ioys] and Ioy's *Prerog. of Parl.*, *WW.* and life *Tan.*82. our age *T.* and age *Chet.* 2. and all] our all *RW.* 3. but with] nought but *R*, *Tan.*82. bake with *Dr.* 3. age] earth *Chet.*, *Tan.*74, *H.* 4. Who in] Which in *P. of P.*, *Lans.* When in *R.* Within *RP*, *Tan.*74, *WW*, *Aubr.* 4. Who in the silence of the graue *Chet.* 6. story] period *Tan.*82. glory *Chet.* 7. *All MSS have approximately, but few exactly, the same reading.* 7. And] But *RW*, *A*10, *A*30, *Aubr.* 7. Earth] death *RP.* age *A*30, *A*10. 7. Yet from this earthly graue and dust *S*1. But from time's rage, the graue, and dust *Dr.* From the which earth, death, grave and dust *WW.* 8. The Lord] My God *RW*, *Dr.* 8. The Lord will raise me, thats my trust *Lans.*

XIX. *COWARDS FEAR TO DIE.*

Ralegh, *Remains*, 1651, p. 138, 'Sir W. Raleigh, On the Snuff of a Candle the night before he died'. *MS Addit.* 18,044, f. 156, transcribed from the *Remains*. *MS Ashmole* 1463, p. 13, from the *Remains*.

This epigram is the only one of the many poems supposed to have been written by Ralegh the night before he died, which cannot definitely be given to another author or to another date. A morbid fancy has assigned Wotton's hymn 'Eternal Mover whose diffused glory', Chidiock Tychborne's 'My prime of Youth is but a frost of cares' and the anonymous 'Farewell ye gilded follies' to Ralegh on this occasion. (See *MS Sloane* 1446, f. 41; D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature; The Complete Angler*, ed. Nicolas, ii. 311.) 'The Pilgrimage', 'The Lie' and 'Like to a Hermite poore', which were written at an earlier date, have swelled the list, and it has only recently been discovered that 'Euen such is time' was not first conceived in the shadow of approaching death.

XX. *MANY DESIRE, BVT FEW OR NONE DESERVE.*

Le Prince d'Amour, 1660, p. 133, 'The Advice', signed W.R. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 85 (*RP*85), f. 116, anon. At the end

is ' Finis written to Mrs. A.V.' *MS Addit.* 22,601 (*A*22), f. 71, headed ' To A. Vauas.', anon.

The ascription in *Le Prince d'Amour*, which is the only authority for this poem, must carry some weight. The imagery of flowers, leaves and corn is characteristic of Ralegh. *Cynthia* is full of it. Oldys, who knew only the printed version, thought the poem was written to his wife. In the MSS it is addressed to Anne Vavasor, a woman famous in her day for her great beauty and charm, a cousin of Lady Anne Clifford, and maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne. She was the daughter of Henry Vavasor of Copmanthorpe, Yorks, and sister of Sir Thomas Vavasor, Knight marshal of the King's household. She is best known as the mistress of Sir Henry Lee, who died in 1610, and was buried in Quarrendon chapel, where there is an inscription in memory of Anne :

> Under this stone entombed lies a fair and lovely dame,
> Daughter to Henry Vavasor, Anne Vavasor her name ;
> She liuing with Sir Henry Lee for love, long time did dwell,
> Death could not part them, but here they rest within one cell.

Actually she outlived her lover, and there was a lawsuit between Lee's heir and Sir Thomas Vavasor and Anne Finche, alias Vavasor, for an account of ' things alleged to have been detained from him (plaintiff) by the defendant Anne, and left out of the inventory by her to be delivered to the plaintiff, according to the testament or last will of Sir Henry Lee, deceased '. She is mentioned in a scurrilous book printed abroad in 1584, and known as *Leceisters Commonwealth*. In November 1590 a letter from Sir John Stanhope to Lord Talbot says, ' Our nue mayd Mrs Vavasor folorishethe lyke the lylly and the rose '. Elsewhere in *MS Addit.* 22,601 (f. 49) she is spoken of as one of the Queen's ladies in 1602, and in 1621 she was in trouble

for having two husbands alive. (See *Notes and Queries*, 5, iii. 374, and Lipscombe's *Bucks*, ii. 403.)

2. win the Fort] cropp the fruite *A*22. 4, 10. unto him that] to the wight which *A*22. 8. pluck] breake *A*22. 8. flowers] branch *RP*85, *A*22. 8. leaves to] flower(s) *RP*85, *A*22. 12. thy happy days decay] the branch will sone decaye *RP*85. 14. corn] grasse *RP*85, *A*22. 16. constant] stedfast *A*22.

The readings of the MSS in the second verse make doubtful sense.

XXI. *THE WORD OF DENIALL, AND THE LETTER OF FIFTY.*

MS Harl. 5353, f. 83. Also *MS Rawl. Poet.* 117, f. 271 ; *MS Rawl. Poet.* 84, f. 72 v. ; *MS Douce*, F. 5, f. 31, headed ' Sr Walter Rawleigh to Bp. Nowell ' ; *MS Malone* 19, f. 53 ; *MS Sloane* 1489, f. 16 v. The couplets are sometimes together, sometimes apart. The one of Noel's making is written in Gabriel Harvey's hand in his copy of Gascoigne's *Steele Glas* (Bodleian), under Ralegh's commendatory verses. It differs somewhat in the different MSS. The identity of Noel is uncertain. Walpole gives Queen Elizabeth the couplet usually ascribed to Ralegh.

XXII. *NATVRE THAT WASHT HER HANDS IN MILKE.*

MS Harl. 6917, f. 48, headed ' A poem of Sr Walter Rawleighs '. This is a very interesting miscellany, transcribed in the early seventeenth century by someone who knew and appreciated good poetry. *MS Addit.* 25,707 (*A*25), f. 92 v., anon. *MS Sloane* 1446 (*Sl.*), f. 51 v., ' Sonnett ', anon.

Mr. A. H. Bullen discovered the poem in the *Harley MS*, and printed it as Ralegh's in *Speculum Amantis* in 1902. I

have emended l. 26 from *A*25. Both *A*25 and *Sl.* correct the slip in l. 22 of the *Harley MS*, and do not follow the bad punctuation in l. 27. *Sl.* omits three verses, and *A*25 is not so smooth metrically as the version I print. I have no clue to the date of composition. All the MSS belong to the early seventeenth century.

5. If] Whether *A*25, *Sl.* 10. of the] of *Sl.* 12. only of] all of *A*25. made all of *Sl.* *Sl. omits ll.* 13-18. 16. by] by his *A*25. 19. loue] lawes *Sl.* 21. hope] mirth *Sl.* 22. doth] doe *MS Harley.* *Sl. omits ll.* 25-36. 26. discolours] discouers *MS Harley.* 27. fills not] fills, not *MS Harley.*

XXIII. *FAYNE WOVLDE I: BUT I DARE NOT.*

MS Rawl. Poet. 85, f. 43 v., subscribed W.R., apparently, from the colour of the ink, some time after the transcription of the poem. *MS Harl.* 6910, f. 154, anon.

Ralegh's claim is slight. The poem is in the style of 'Your face, your tongue, your wit', but his claim to that is not much better. Hannah suggests that the attribution in *RP*85 was a wild conjecture, due to the resemblance between the first words and the line which Fuller ascribes to Ralegh, 'Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall' (*Worthies*, Devon).

11. woundes] wound *MS RP.* 24. *MS Harley ends here.*

XXIV. *LADY FAREWELL WHOME I IN SILENCE SERVE.*

MS Chetham 8012, p. 85, headed 'A Poem put into my Lad: Laiton's pocket by Sr W: Rawleigh'. It is heavily scribbled over but still legible. The lady was probably the wife of Sir Thomas Leighton, Privy Councillor, Constable of the Tower and Governor of Jersey. She was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Knolles, a maid of honour and sister to Lettis, Countess of Essex. As Captain of the Guard Ralegh saw a good deal of the maids of honour. A rough date would be some time before his marriage in 1592.

XXV, XXVI, XXVII, XXVIII. *POEMS FROM THE HATFIELD MS.*

MS Hatfield (Cecil Papers, 144).

The eleventh book of Ralegh's *Cynthia*, a fragment of the twelfth and two other short poems are to be found in the author's own hand among the manuscripts preserved at Hatfield House. The two short pieces, on ff. 238 and 239 v., are unnamed. The next is headed 'The 11:th and last booke of the Ocean to Scinthia'. It is followed by 'The end of the boockes, of the Oceans love to Scinthia, and the beginninge of the 12 boock, entreatinge of Sorrow'. The figures have been consistently read as 21 and 22, but I think this is an error due to a backward flourish on the initial 1, and that Ralegh finished according to classical precedent with the twelfth book. This part of the poem, in three-line stanzas, occupies f. 247 r. and breaks off in the middle of a line at the top of f. 247 v. The rest of f. 247 v. and all f. 248 is blank, save for two notes, one suggesting that the MS contains supplementary books of *Cynthia*, and the other stating that the hand is Ralegh's.

The second note is borne out by an examination of autograph letters in the British Museum. The writing is a kind of Italian script, very fine and neat.* A few English letters are used, particularly *c*. Initial *r* is so like a modern *v* that it appears as *v* more than once in the transcript printed by Hannah. At the beginning the punctuation is largely by full stops and cross strokes. Later the strokes become so slight as to be nothing more than commas. The spelling is fairly consistent, and is especially interesting in view of the tradition that Ralegh 'spoke broad Devonshire

* There is a facsimile of f. 239 v. of *MS Hatfield* in T. N. Brushfield's *Bibliography of Sir Walter Ralegh*, 1908. Ralegh's hand makes no clear distinction between *oun* and *onn*, *im* and *ine*, *wr* and *ur*. In my transcript I write *floure* and *inebrase* where Ralegh may have meant *flowre* and *imbrase*.

to his dying day '. A curious feature of the MS is the use of three or four stops at the end of a line, implying to the modern reader an ellipsis. As Ralegh uses them they seem to indicate some abrupt turn in the sense. In six places the line which follows begins with ' But ', ' Yet ' or ' And though '. I can find neither consistency nor significance in the occasional spaces dividing the long poem, which save for these is without verse divisions. It is written mainly in quatrains, but there are instances of two, three and five line stanzas and the rhymes are sometimes irregular. The margin is variously marked with crosses, strokes and parallels.

Several small errors go to show that the MS is not the first draft, but has been transcribed by the author from an earlier copy. There are frequent instances in which he has made a false start, crossed it out, and written the same word correctly. In other places cancellation is due to his anticipating a later word or line, or incorporating in what he is writing words from the line above, and in one place he has omitted a line altogether and inserted it later in a cramped space.

For the convenience of the modern reader I have divided the poem into stanzas, and expanded the contractions. The spelling and punctuation, save that the cross strokes are reduced to commas, is Ralegh's.

Cynthia is the poem that Ralegh read to Spenser at Kilcolman in 1589, described in *Colin Clouts Come home againe.*

56. One day (quoth he) I sat, (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of Mole that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,
Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore :
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :
Whom when I asked from what place he came,

And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe,
The shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
He sitting me beside in that same shade,
Prouoked me to plaie some pleasant fit,
And when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it :
Yet æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe before that æmuled of many,
And plaid theron ; (for well that skill he cond)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung ; and when he sung, I piped,
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither enuying other, nor enuied,
So piped we, vntill we both were weary.

. . . . . .

164. His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindnesse, and of vsage hard,
Of Cynthia the Ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And euer and anon with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make his vndersong
Ah my loues queene, and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong ?
Then gan a gentle bony lasse to speake,
That Marin hight, Right well he sure did plaine :
That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure breake,
And moue to take him to her grace againe.

Spenser also refers to *Cynthia* in a sonnet prefixed to the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*, and in the introduction to the third book. The other contemporary who mentions it is Spenser's friend, Gabriel Harvey, in the manuscript notes in his copy of Speght's *Chaucer*.

Later critics, such as Ritson, who were familiar with these allusions before the discovery of the *Hatfield MS*, put to Ralegh's credit a ' lost poem ' of *Cynthia*. The Hatfield fragments, which were discovered by C. J. Stewart when he was cataloguing the Cecil papers, were first published by Hannah in 1870 from a transcript made by the librarian at Hatfield House, Mr. R. T. Gunton.

The poem has been discussed by Hannah in his edition of 1870, by Sir Edmund Gosse in *The Athenaeum* (Jan. 1886, pp. 32 and 66), and by Mr. Stebbing in his *Life of Ralegh* published in 1891. Hannah believed the Hatfield fragments to be a continuation of *Cynthia*, written some time between 1603 and 1612, when Ralegh was in the Tower, but referring to his earlier disgrace of 1592. Sir Edmund Gosse claimed the eleventh book as part of the original *Cynthia* written in 1589, but denied that the other three fragments belong to the same poem, and doubted whether the MS is autograph. Finally Mr. Stebbing, agreeing with Hannah that the poem refers to the events of 1592, dates it between 1592 and 1595.

Hannah was led, rather uncertainly, to put the poem after 1603 because certain passages, which he does not specify, seemed to him to imply that the Queen was dead. He adds a vague statement that the handwriting ' resembles that of some papers dated 1603 '. It is generally held that his date is a mistake. Sir Edmund Gosse was handicapped through basing all his conjectures on Hannah's transcript. If he had seen the MS, I think he would have admitted that it is autograph. One of his reasons for doubting it, however, raises an interesting point. He says there are mistakes in rhyme and metre such as no poet would make, and mentions as an example ' balm ' rhyming with ' appease ' where the obvious rhyme is ' doth calm '. As a matter of fact the rhyme (ll. 116, 118) is ' imbalmed ' and ' apeased ', and it is only one of a large number of half-rhymes which Ralegh seems to have employed deliberately, perhaps to break the monotony consequent on using rhyming quatrains for a long poem. He rhymes, for instance, *dawning* with *resting*, *invention* with *impulsion*, *abundance* with *perseverance*, and *company* with *fantasy*. There is only one other instance of past participles rhyming by virtue of their final *ed.* It is *compounded* and *ended* in ll. 410, 412. Similar half-rhymes are in the metrical

translations in *The History of the World*, and a few other of the poems.

Since the poem is autograph, the last two pieces must be accepted on Ralegh's own testimony as the eleventh and twelfth books of *Cynthia*, and the heading, 'the 11:th and last booke', which led Sir Edmund to declare that the eleventh was the last book, must be understood as a general heading meaning 'the eleventh book and (the twelfth or) last book'. The fact that the two books do appear with a general heading adds to the suspicion that they are a continuation of *Cynthia*. There would be no reason otherwise to group them together, in isolation from the rest of the poem. The first two fragments are unnamed, so that it is more difficult to counter Sir Edmund's emphatic statement, based on considerations of style in the first case and subject in the second, that they have no connection with *Cynthia*. It is not, however, likely that the author would preface his transcript with completely irrelevant matter.

For the initial date of *Cynthia* Spenser's evidence must be considered conclusive. In 1589 Ralegh had started the poem, and it was

> all a lamentable lay,
> Of great vnkindnesse, and of vsage hard,
> Of Cynthia the Ladie of the sea,
> Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.

But the singer was not still in disgrace, for

> Right well he sure did plaine:
> That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure breake,
> And moue to take him to her grace againe.

and in 1590 Spenser addressed a sonnet

> To thee that art the sommers Nightingale,
> Thy soueraine Goddesses most deare delight.

Spenser's story is borne out by what is known of Ralegh's life at this time. In the summer of 1589 he retired to his

estates in Ireland, roundly contradicting a rumoured disgrace. It was thought that Essex had supplanted him in the Queen's favour. By the end of the year, however, he was back again, using his influence, which was evidently not seriously impaired, on Spenser's behalf. But the poem at Hatfield scarcely fits these circumstances. Its tone is that of the bitterest reproach and despair, far over-reaching Spenser's description of

> . . . that sweet verse, with Nectar sprinckeled,
> In which a gracious seruant pictured
> His Cynthia, his heauens fairest light

and quite out of proportion with the slight cloud of disfavour which overhung Ralegh early in 1589. What it does very decidedly call to mind, is the more lasting disgrace of 1592.

The most pointed implication of a later date is in the second poem, where Ralegh speaks of himself as a prisoner, which he never was before 1592. I cannot imagine what made Hannah and Sir Edmund Gosse think the poem was addressed to King James in 1603 and not to Queen Elizabeth. In the eleventh book I would call attention : (1) To ll. 120-131, especially l. 124, 'So wrate I once, and my mishapp fortolde'. This seems to be a reference to an earlier poem, possibly the *Cynthia* Spenser knew, as distinct from the *Cynthia* that has survived. Ralegh is saying that his excessive distress at a slight disgrace (1589) was prophetic of more serious trouble to come (1592). (2) ll. 120, 121. The reference here is to Ralegh's struggle for the Queen's favour. Sir Edmund Gosse counts twelve years from the entry in the Middlesex registers in 1578 of 'Walter Rawley, Esq. de Curia'. He believes Ralegh was reminding the Queen of the devotion he showed her when he was campaigning in Ireland. Mr. Stebbing reckons, I think with greater probability, twelve years from Ralegh's sudden rise to favour in 1582, which brings the

date of the poem to the eve of his Guianian expedition in 1594. (3) ll. 85-91, especially l. 88, support this by a reference to an impending voyage. (4) ll. 61-68 refer to a voyage in the past, according to Sir Edmund the Virginian expeditions which Elizabeth, anxious for his safety, would never let Ralegh join. Hannah and Mr. Stebbing agree in identifying it as the Panama expedition of 1592, on which he had actually started when he was recalled by the command of the angry Queen. (5) ll. 487, 488 in Sir Edmund's opinion refer to the narrow Irish channel, dividing Ralegh and the Queen in 1589. (6) l. 3 and ll. 336-339 seem to suggest in veiled language that a love affair was the cause of the Queen's displeasure. (7) In ll. 271 and 327 the Queen is called Belphoebe, a name which Spenser, in the introductory letter to Ralegh before *The Faerie Queene*, says he has given in the poem to Elizabeth, 'fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana)'. If, as this implies, Spenser coined the name, Ralegh could not have used it before the publication of *The Faerie Queene* in 1590.

There is a letter extant, which Ralegh wrote to Cecil in 1592, from the Tower. 'My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far off—whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her, in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet nire at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three dayes, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometime siting in the shade like a Goddess; sometime singing like an angell; sometime playing like Orpheus. Behold the sorrow of this world! Once amiss, hath bereaved me of all. O Glory, that only

shineth in misfortune, what is becum of thy assurance? All wounds have skares, but that of fantasie; all affections their relenting, but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship, but adversity? or when is grace witnessed, but in offences? There were no divinety, but by reason of compassion; for revenges are brutish and mortall All those times past,—the loves, the sythes, the sorrows, the desires, can they not way down one frail misfortune? Cannot one dropp of gall be hidden in so great heaps of sweetness? I may then conclude, Spes et fortuna, valete. She is gone, in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that that was. Do with me now, therefore, what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous I should perish; which, if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born.' The resemblance to the eleventh and twelfth books of *Cynthia* is very striking. Sir Edmund Gosse contends that Ralegh after his marriage 'never again professed the amorous frenzy for Elizabeth which he had protested up to 1593'. But during the actual period of his imprisonment, which is supposed also to have been the date of his marriage, he certainly was protesting it, with surprising violence. And it is not known that his subsequent position with regard to the Queen was due to his own choice and that if she had offered to receive him again, upon the same terms as before, he would have refused.

My date for the poem is some time during or not long after 1592.

XXV. *IF SYNTHIA BE A QUEENE, A PRINCES, AND SVPREAME.*

Sir Edmund Gosse declares that this 'is primitive in style and belongs to the effete school of Googe and Turbervile: it can scarcely have been written later than 1585'. I think the riddling nature of the piece sufficiently explains

the heavily stressed metre. It is scarcely so much a poem as a jingle. The meaning completely baffles me.

XXVI. *MY BODDY IN THE WALLS CAPTIVED.*

2. spightfull] spighfull *in the MS.*

XXVII. *SVFFICETH IT TO YOW MY IOYES INTERRED.*

21. frutfull] *Hannah amends to* fruitless *but the first will make sense.* 34. woe] *first written* woes. 44 *begins f.* 240 *v.* 49. rigarus] *Hannah reads* vigorous. 50. ioies] *MS writes* ioes. 56, 57. *The MS makes a division between these two lines.* 59. transferde] *first written* fashond. 71. mich] *H reads* which. 85 *begins f.* 241 *r.* 94. departing] *H reads* depicting. *There is a contraction in the MS.* 116. lymes] *H reads* lines. 124 *begins f.* 241 *v.* 133. *H divides ll.* 133 *and* 134 *with asterisks. There is no division in the MS, nor does the sense require one, but the stanza beginning with l.* 132 *is left with two lines only.* 161 *begins f.* 242 *r.* 182. fliinge] *first written* flowinge. 198 *begins f.* 242 *v.* 200, 201 *MS makes a division.* 212, 213 *a division.* 220, 221 *a division.* 234 *begins f.* 243 *r.* 240. douth byde] *first written* a byde. 244 *is followed by two cancelled lines* And onn thos withered stalkes no signe remayneth / of thos incarnate bewties erst so pleasinge. 286, 287 *a division.* 294, 295 *a division.* 307 *begins f.* 244 *r.* 318, 319 *a division.* 324 *has been inserted later and is very cramped.* 330. shee] *first written* but. 330 *is followed by four lines cancelled and illegible.* 333. ellect] *MS writes* ellct. 339. sence] *first written* ought. 341 *begins f.* 244 *v.* 343, 344 *a division.* 349. and] *first written* the. 376 *begins f.* 245 *r.* 404, 405 *a division.* 411 *begins f.* 245 *v.* 416. scornes] *H reads* frowns. 421. the] *first written* yet. 421. deseas] *H reads* decease. 424. indureth] *H punctuates* indureth ; 446 *begins f.* 246 *r.* 449 *is followed by two cancelled lines* though all her thoughts be drawne back to her brest / and noon remayne that call thee to her. 451. rent] *H reads* vent. 456. wounder] *H reads* wonder. 473. vinde] *H reads* rinde. 473, 474 *a division.* 480 *begins f.* 246 *v.* 495. eare] *first written* eares 514 *begins f.* 247 *r.* 522. hath end] *first written* is gonn.

I have not attempted to interpret difficult passages. If I had I should scarcely have known where to stop, and the reader who has the text has what chiefly matters. I am encouraged in this course by the fact that Ralegh did not, like the metaphysical poets, obscure his verse by allusions to derelict philosophies. Nor, in this case, has careless scribe or meddlesome printer come between the reader and the text, which is, so far as I can reproduce it, what the author wrote. The problems are simply problems of interpretation; matters for the most part upon which the reader prefers his own opinion to anyone else's. The meaning is in several places very dark and I cannot claim that I am more enlightened than another.

XXVIII AND XXIX. *MY DAYES DELIGHTS, MY SPRINGETYME IOIES FORDVNN.*

MS Hatfield, f. 247r. *MS Addit.* 27,407, f. 130, endorsed 'Sr Walter Raleigh'.

According to Sir Edmund Gosse the last of the Hatfield fragments is not the twelfth book of *Cynthia*, but 'a melancholy and obscure fragment of reverie, belonging to Ralegh's latest period'. He further suggests that it may be a rejected section of the *Petition to Queen Anne*, a poem in a similar metre which is preserved among the papers of Drummond of Hawthornden. Since the heading 'twelfth book' is in Ralegh's hand we must believe that it really is the twelfth book. But the conjecture that it is connected with the *Petition to Queen Anne* has been curiously justified. In *MS Addit.* 27,407, a miscellaneous collection of papers belonging mainly to the seventeenth century, is a copy of a poem which begins with the first two stanzas of the last book of *Cynthia* and ends with the *Petition to Queen Anne*. The poem has no title and the sheet on which it is written bears no indication of its origin, but is endorsed 'Sr Walter

Raleigh '. Nine verses are peculiar to this MS, though one of them uses in a new sense the grim image of the seventh verse of *Cynthia*.* I take it to be an intermediate stage between *Cynthia* and the *Petition to Queen Anne* which when completed, omits all that came originally from the Hatfield fragment. It omits all the more personal and emotional, one might almost say the more querulous part. The finished poem has the dignity and restraint that is proper in an appeal to a sovereign. The passionate lament that friends are faithless, which fills much of the intermediate version, could not have concerned Anne of Denmark. It has therefore been rejected, and the poem takes on a colder and more impersonal character. As a recasting of early work it is comparable with ' Even such is time '.

I have emended l. 14 of *MS Addit.*

The History of the World contains a remarkable and beautiful parallel in prose. ' So as whoso-euer hee bee, to whome Fortune hath beene a seruant, and the Time a friend : let him but take the accompt of his memory (for wee haue no other keeper of our pleasures past) and truelie examine what it hath reserued, either of beauty and youth, or foregone delights ; what it hath saued, that it might last, of his dearest affections, or of what euer else the amorous Spring-time gaue his thoughts of contentment, then vnualuable ; and hee shall finde that all the art which his elder yeares haue, can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions, than heauie, secret, and sad sighes. Hee shall finde nothing remaining, but those sorrowes, which grow vp after our fast-springing youth ; ouertake it when it is at a stand ; and ouer-top it vtterly, when it

* A memory, I imagine, of Ralegh's early years in Ireland where, as Sir Henry Sidney writes to the Queen, 'Such horrible and lamentable spectacles there are to behold as . . . the view of the bones and skulls of your dead subjects who, partly by murder, partly by famine, have died in the fields.'

beginnes to wither : in so much as looking backe from the very instant time, and from our now being ; the poore, diseased, and captiue creature, hath as little sence of all his former miseries and paines ; as hee, that is most blest in common opinion, hath of his fore-passed pleasures and delights. For what-so-euer is cast behind vs, is iust nothing : and what is to come, decieptfull hope hath it '. (Oxford, ii. 41. I quote from ed. 1614.)

MS Addit. 27,407 *collated with MS Drummond and MS Hatfield.*

1-6 *as* 1-6 *in MS Hatfield.* 1. delight] delights *MS Hatfield.* 7-18 *are only in MS Addit., but cf.* 19-21 *in MS Hatfield.* 14. extinguisht] extinguish *in the MS.* 19-21 *are verse* 3 *in MS Drummond.* 19. And] For. 19. seeme] are. 20. Shapes] shape. 21. our] the. 22-24 *are only in MS Addit.* 25-27 *are verse* 1 *in MS Drummond.* 25. Or] O. 26. vaine-glorie] winne Glorie. 26. and] or. 28-30 *are verse* 4 *in MS Drummond. After* 30 *MS Drummond has a verse which is not in MS Addit.* 31-33 *are not in MS Drummond.* 34-36 *are verse* 2 *in MS Drummond.* 34. But Mercie] Mercie. 34. that] which. 36. Which knowes not] Freinds know not. 36. which] who. 37-39 *are verse* 6 *in MS Drummond.* 38. heard] heare. 39. the] my *is written above the line but* the *is not cancelled.* 40-42 *are verse* 7 *in MS Drummond.* 40. Then vnto whom shall I vnfold my wrong. I *and* my *first written* he *and* his. 41. her] my *first written* his. 43-45 *are verse* 8 *in MS Drummond.* 43. that] who. 44. Be called Impresse] Be iustlie calld the empresse. 46-51 *are not in MS Drummond, which has in their place four verses not in MS Addit.*

XXX. *O HAD TRVTH POWER THE GVILTLESSE COVLD NOT FALL.*

MS Drummond (vol. viii. Drummond Miscellanies, ii.), headed ' S. W. Raghlies Petition to the Queene. 1618 '. The hand is Drummond's.

Queen Anne of Denmark was a woman of independent character, generous and courageous, and her husband's Spanish policy found no favour in her eyes. She was touched by Lady Ralegh's appeals and had made use of

Ralegh's medical skill. There was little, however, that she could do for him.

XXXI. *AS YOV CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.*

Deloney, *The Garland of Good-will* (*G*), 1678, sig. G 5 v. In the first extant edition, 1631, sheet G is missing. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 85, f. 123, signed 'Sr W.R:' The transcript has been corrected in two places, ll. 1-4 and l. 41, in different ink. It supplies, with two small alterations, the text I am printing. *Bishop Percy's Ballad MS* (*P*), p. 471, anon. See also *Reliques*, Ser. II. bk. i. ; a copy emended by Shenstone.

Hannah classed this as a doubtful poem, though in other cases he has accepted the authority of *MS Rawl. Poet.* 85. He was shy of the ballad motif, and thought that in spirit and probably in date the poem belonged to an earlier century. There were several ballads on the theme of a pilgrimage to Walsingham and the earliest must date back to some time before 1538, when the priory was destroyed. One is in the Pepysian collection :

> As I went to Walsingham
> To the shrine with speede.

Ophelia sings :

> How shall I know your true love,
> From another one ?

and Merrythought in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1613, II. viii.) has a verse which closely resembles the cancelled first verse in *RP*85.

> As you came from Walsingham
> From that holy land,
> There met you not with my true love
> By the way as you came.

Possibly this is the original ballad upon which Ralegh's poem was based, to the confusion of the scribe of *RP*85.

The poem, far above Deloney's standard, is no popular or ancient ballad, though it is written on a ballad framework. It has the movement, thought and diction of Elizabethan poetry, which, whatever it may have owed to France and Italy, never quite broke with the native tradition. If Ralegh was the author, it was not the only time he used the image of a pilgrim ; and the theme of a lover deserted by his queenly mistress is like an echo of *Cynthia*. Bliss, who was the first to print a transcript from *RP*85, in his edition of *Athenae Oxonienses*, compares ll. 25-28 with a sentence from Ralegh's *Instructions to his Sonne* (Oxford, viii. 560) ; '. . . ever the young wife betrayeth the old husband, and she that had thee not in thy flower, will despise thee in thy fall'. Other parallels, noted by Mr. F. P. Wilson, are ll. 25-28 and the Epistle Dedicatory to the *Account of Guiana* (Oxford, viii. 380) ; '. . . if ought might have been deserved in former times to have counterpoised any part of my offences, the fruit thereof (as it seemeth) was long before fallen from the tree, and the dead stock only remained' ; ll. 16, 17 and ll. 5, 6 of 'Like truthles dreames' ; ll. 32, 33 and ll. 295, 296 of *Cynthia* ; l. 37 and l. 228 of *Cynthia*.

The poem seems, from its general tone, to belong to much the same time as the last books of *Cynthia*.

1-4 *are a correction in the margin. They were first written :*

As you went to Walsingam
To that holy lande
Met you not with my true loue
By the waye as you went :

6. many] many a *G*, *P*. 7. went to] came from *G*, *P*. 11. forme] *first written* powre. 14. Such] with *G*, *P*. 17. all alone] alone *P*. 19, 20. Who sometimes lov'd me as her life / and called me her own *G*, *P*. 21. that she leues you] she hath left thee *G*, *P*. 23. That sometime did love thee as her self *G*, *P*. her life *G*1685. 25. haue loude] loved *G*. 26. now] *written* no *in the MS*. 26. ould] am Old *G*, *P*. 28. From] nor *G*, *P*. 29. know that] For *G*, *P*. 29. is]

is like *P.* 30. forgets] forgett, *RP*85. 33. For love is a great delight *G.* 33. his desire is ffickle, ffond, *P.* 34. And] And yet *G.* 36. is lost] lost *P.* 37. Such is the Love of Women-kind *G, P.* 41. Loue] trwe Loue *RP*85. trwe *added later.* 43. neuer ould neuer dead] never Dead, never Cold, *G, P. There are no verse divisions in the MS.*

XXXII. *THREE THINGES THERE BEE THAT PROSPER VP APACE.*

MS Addit. 23,229, f. 107, anon. *MS Malone* 19, p. 138, headed 'Sir Walter Rauleigh to his sonne'. This poem, written in a light hearted moment, was meant I should imagine for the elder son Walter, born in 1593, and not for the second son Carew, who never knew his father except as a prisoner and an ageing man. I therefore date it about 1600. I print from *MS Addit.*

1. vp] all. 2. growe] are. 9. Marke well] Now marke. *MS Malone omits ll.* 13, 14 *and has instead* God blesse the Child.

XXXIII. *BEEFORE THE SIXT DAY OF THE NEXT NEW YEAR.*

Donne, *Poems of Lord Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Ruddier* (*P*), 1660, p. 118, 'A Prognostication upon Cards and Dice', anon. *MS Malone* 19, f. 55c, 'On the Cardes, and Dice', signed 'Sr Wal: R.' I am printing this, which is better than Donne's text. The emendation in l. 15 explains itself. *MS Corpus E. i.* 33, *in Corpus Christi College, Oxford* (*CC*), f. 21 v., headed 'Sr Water Rawleighs Prophecy on cards and dice'. *MS Egerton* 923 (*Eg.*), f. 9 v., 'A Prophesie to come to pase the next yeare', anon. *MS Eng. Poet. e.* 14 (*EP*), f. 77, 'A prognostication vpon cardes and dice', anon. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 84 (*RP*), f. 68 v., 'A Prophesie', anon. *MS Harl.* 1107 (*H*11), f. 92 v., anon. *MS Chetham* 8011 (*Chet.*), p. 40, 'A prophesy giuen to the King

1618', anon. *MS Addit.* 10,309 (*A*10), f. 147 v., 'A Prophecie', anon.

The appearance of this poem in Donne's notorious book cannot be held to discredit Ralegh's claim, which is based on the two MS ascriptions. There is no very good text. The riddling nature of the poem seems to have bewildered transcribers, especially in the last couplet, which refers to the finishing of the game at cock-crow. Several have missed the double meaning and accepted it as a mystical prophecy. The day fixed in the first line is Twelfth Night, and therefore the end of a period of license. The date in the *Chetham MS*, 1618, is absurd if Ralegh wrote the poem. I have classed it with 'Three thinges there bee', which it resembles in spirit.

1. sixt] tenth *Eg.* 4. keepe] raise *P*, *EP.* *H*11, *Chet. omit ll.* 5, 6; *Eg. ll.* 5-11. 5. Many shall then be eas'd of many crosses *A*10. *A*10 *omits ll.* 7, 8. *CC transposes ll.* 9, 10. 10. When they the Dreadful noyse of Trompe shall heare *H*11, *Chet.* 12. In manie (a) Cuntry, Cittie, and in Towne *H*11, *Chet.* 15. strange] strong *Mal.*19, *CC.* strang *RP*84, *EP.* 15. the] whose *EP*, *P.*

XXXIV. *OVR PASSIONS ARE MOST LIKE TO FLOODS AND STREAMES.*

Wits Interpreter (*WI*), 1655, p. 40, headed 'To his Mistresse by Sir Walter Raleigh'; p. 68, anon. and imperfect. The readings of the second version are distinguished as *WI*2. Donne, *Poems of Lord Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Ruddier* (*P*), 1660, p. 35, headed 'Sonnet. P.' Birch, *Life of Ralegh*, p. 394, a version from a source unknown to me. *MS Addit.* 22,602, f. 30 v., 'Sir Walter Ralegh to the Queen'. This is the text I am printing, since it is considerably better than the published versions. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 160 (*RP*), f. 117, 'Sir Walter Ralegh to Queene Elizabeth'. This differs scarcely at all from the version of *Addit.* 22,602,

which I have preferred because the punctuation is more modern. *MS Lansdowne* 777 (*Lans*), f. 63, headed 'To his Mistresse' and signed 'Sr. Wa: Raleigh'. *MS Harl.* 6057 (*H*60), f. 18, 'An ode', signed 'Sr: Walter Rawleigh'. *MS Addit.* 25,303 (*A*25), f. 118, signed 'Sr W R.' *MS Addit.* 21,433, f. 112 v., signed 'Sr W: R:'. This is a transcript from *A*25 (variants not recorded). *MS Ashmole* 781 (*Ash.*), p. 143, signed 'Lo: Walden'. *MS Addit.* 28,622 (*A*28), f. 18. This is a MS of Sir Robert Ayton's poems. *MS Addit.* 10,308, f. 9 v.: another MS of Ayton's poems (variants as in *A*28). *MS Malone* 19 (*Mal.*), f. 43 v., 'Of Passions', anon.: the first six lines only. *MS Harl.* 3511 (*H*35), f. 12 v., anon. The order of the verses is unusual. *MS Egerton* 2560 (*Eg.*), f. 114, anon. *MS Addit.* 23,229 (*A*23), f. 54, anon. *MS Addit.* 27,407 (*A*27), f. 129, anon. The orthography is Scotch. *MS Eng. Poet. e.* 14 (*EP*14), f. 19, 'A Song', anon. *MS Eng. Poet. f.* 9 (*EP*9), anon., following an elaborate letter of praise and blame addressed to Ralegh before his death. The MS, stamped with the Royal Arms, was the property of the Champernownes, Ralegh's mother's family.

Five MSS and the careless editor of *Wits Interpreter* give this poem to Ralegh. There are three other claimants, but wherever the complete poem appears (*i.e.* the version with an introductory six-line stanza), it is accompanied with Ralegh's name. Without corroborative evidence, Donne's ascription to Lord Pembroke is negligible. The curious and inexplicable ascription to Lord Walden led Ritson to include him in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, in spite of the fact that earlier in the book he had given the poem, under its not uncommon title of 'The Silent Lover,' to Ralegh. Park, in his edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, blindly followed Ritson, with an 'Account of Thomas Howard, Lord Walden'. He had never seen the Ashmole MS, and could not discover that the new author had any other claim to literary fame. Collier suggests that Lord

Walden was a misreading of Ralegh's title, Lord Warden of the Stannaries (*Bibl. Account* 222).

The attribution to Ayton is more defensible, but neither of the MS books professing to contain his poems has his authority. One of them, *MS Addit.* 10,308, was apparently intended for the printer and contains an introductory address initialled by the poet's nephew, Sir John Ayton, who is honest enough to own his fallibility as editor. 'Courteous Reader', he begins, 'The Author of these Ensueing Poems did not affect the name of a Poet, having neither publisht in print, nor kept coppyes of any thing he writt . . . which makes this small collection the more difficult, and in many things imperfyte, and uncorrect, especially in the old Scotts peices, which were don in his younger dayes'. Evidently there was to be a posthumous edition, but the editor appears to have changed his mind about it, since the passages referring to publication are cancelled, and Ayton's English poems were never collected and sent to the press till Charles Rogers printed them in 1844. He accepted Ayton's claim to the disputed poem, but a posthumous ascription, accompanied by an imperfect text, has not great weight. In fairness I must note the contention that the introductory stanza is an interpolation, and Sir John Ayton's warning that some of Sir Robert's poems 'were formerly printed in other mens names'. Many copies are corrupt and there is a mass of variant readings. I have emended *A*10 in l. 15.

ll. 1-6 *are only in A*22, *RP*, *WI*, *B*, *Lans.*, *A*25 *and Mal.* 1. Our Passions are most like] Passions are liken'd best *WI*, *B*, *A*25, *Mal.* 5. must needs] in wordes *A*25, *Mal.* 6. That they are] They are but *B*. 7. deare Empresse] sweet (deare) Mistris *WI*, *B*, *Ash.* sweet Empresse *WI*2, *Lans.*, *H*60, *A*25, *A*28. 8. true] my *H*35. *Eg. transposes ll.* 8 *and* 36. 9. With thinking] Pretending *A*28. 9. that Hee feels] he can feel *EP*9. *H*35, *Eg.*, *EP*9 *omit ll.* 11-14. 11. Since, if my Plaints] But if my words *WI*2. And if that words *Lans.* Though that my thoughtes (my hart) *Ash.*, *EP*14. 11. serue not] were not *WI*, *B*. seem

not *P*, *A*23. sceke not *Lans.* doe (dois) not *Ash.*, *A*27. come not *A*28. cannot *EP*14. 11. to proue] approve *Ash.*, *A*27, *EP*14. 13. It comes] They come *A*22, *RP.* 13. Defect] thy want *WI*2. 14. But fear t'exceed my duty *B.* 15. knowing that I] seeing that I *Lans.* sith that I doe *EP*9. 17. As] Whom *all other texts.* 20. venture] vtter *Ash.* hazard *EP*14, *EP*9. 21. When] Since *WI*2, *Lans.* Where *P*, *B*, *H*35. Though *Ash.* 21. Glory] Honour *Eg.* Beauty *EP*14. 22. distrusts] destroyes *P*, *A*23. disdains *B.* diswades *Ash.*, *A*27, *EP*14, *EP*9. *EP*14 *omits ll.* 23-30. 23. Thus] Since *EP*9. 23. that aime] that climb(s) *P*, *A*23. that boil *B.* doe aime *EP*9. 23. And though my thoughts doe climb too high *H*35. 23, 24. too high For] so high In *B.* so high For *WI.* as high As *Eg.* 25. When] If *H*35, *Eg.* And *EP*9. *EP*9 *omits ll.* 27-30. 27. dothe bereaue] bids them live *A*28. 27. Yet where dispaire doth bid me leaue *H*35, *Eg.* 28. they] I *P*, *Ash.*, *H*35, *Eg.*, *A*23. 29. Then] there *H*35, *Eg.* 31. bewraies] doth shewe *Ash.*, *EP*9. 32. though] bee they *EP*14. 34. deserueth] May challenge *WI*, *P*, *B*, *H*60, *A*25, *Ash.*, *H*35, *Eg.*, *A*23, *A*27. Doth meritt *A*28. *Ash.*, *EP*14, *EP*9 *omit ll.* 34-38. 35. misconceiue not] wrong not *WI*, *P*, *B*, *H*60, *A*25, *A*28, *H*35, *Eg.*, *A*23, *A*27. do not wrong *WI*2, *Lans.* 35. dearest Heart] dear heart of my heart *P*, *A*28, *Eg.*, *A*23. dearest to (of) my Heart *B*, *H*35. Queen of my heart *Lans.* Suit empres of my hart *A*27. 36. My trew hartes secret passion *A*27.

XXXV. *SWEETE WERE THE IOYES, THAT BOTH MIGHT LIKE AND LAST.*

The Paradyse of daynty deuises, 1576, sig. A 4 v., signed E.S.; 1578, (conjectured to be a reprint of the lost ed. of 1577), (sig. B 3 v., signed W.R.; 1580, signed W.R.; 1585, 1590, 1596, 1600, 1606, signed W. Hunis.

This is a carelessly printed book and the ascriptions vary considerably in the different editions. It was compiled by Richard Edwards and represents for the most part the work of his contemporaries. Ralegh can scarcely count as one of these, since he was no more than fourteen when Edwards died in 1566. E.S., the first claimant, is unidentified. William Hunnis, who has several other poems printed in the book, lived till 1597, and was therefore in a

position to correct any error which touched himself. Though it is just possible that Ralegh wrote the poem—for additions may have been made to Edwards' compilation by the printer, Henry Disle—Hunnis has, I think, by far the best claim.

8. waft] *the text reads* wast. 8. flee] flit *ed.*1578. flie 1585. 17, 18. . . . remoue, . . . loue.] . . . remoue . . . loue, *ed.*1576.

XXXVI. *NOW WHAT IS LOVE, I PRAIE THEE TELL.*

The Phoenix Nest, 1593, p. 90, 'A Description of Loue', anon. *Englands Helicon* (*EH*), 1600, sig. L 2 v., 'The Sheepheards description of Loue', signed Ignoto over S.W.R. Ed. 1614, Ignoto. Robert Jones, *The Second Booke of Songs and Ayres* (*RJ*), 1601, sig. F v., anon. Davison, *A Poetical Rapsodie* (*D*), 1611, p. 197, 'The Anatomie of Loue', anon. This poem did not appear in the first edition, in 1602, but in the second edition in 1608. Since all known exemplars are in America, I have used the third edition. Thomas Heywood, *The Rape of Lucrece* (*RL*), 1608, Act I, sc. ii. The first and last verses are printed here as 'the third song' sung by Valerius. They have no special relevance to the play and there is no reason to suppose, because they appear in it, that Heywood wrote them. They are simply odd snatches sung by a comic character and were probably supplied by the actor. *MS Addit.* 22,601, f. 104. There is an anonymous version of the poem here, containing nineteen verses, but the additions are worthless and almost certainly spurious (variants not recorded).

This poem has been given to Ralegh on the evidence of the initials S.W.R. over which is pasted, in the first edition of *Englands Helicon*, a cancel-slip bearing the signature Ignoto. There are two poems where this has been done, and two more where Ignoto has been substituted for an original M.F.G., (Master Fulke Greville). One supposes,

either that the editor found out at the last minute that he had made a mistake and went to great trouble and expense to rectify it, or else that he received a warning that two of his noble authors had a particular objection to meeting with their names in print—which these two undoubtedly had. Nicholas Ling, the publisher, who writes the introductory address to the reader does not impress one as a very trustworthy editor.* He offers a blustering apology for two offences, first for making incorrect ascriptions, and secondly for mentioning authors' names at all. He evidently had both on his conscience, and was nervous about the reception which the contributors would accord to his book. The fact that more than three quarters of the poems in the first edition had been printed before and could be obtained without the authors' knowledge adds to the suspicion that they were reprinted without the authors' consent. It is impossible to say with any certainty what drove Ling to cancel-slips, but one doubts if he would have gone to such expense if it were merely common honesty.

An attribution which rests upon such ambiguous evidence must be classed as doubtful, though since no other author is mentioned, Ralegh's claim may still be good. Wherever else it appears the poem is anonymous, and it is not one of the group of five in *The Phoenix Nest*. In Davison's MS list of the poems in *Englands Helicon* (*MS Harl.* 28, f. 99), this one is given to S. W. Rawly ; perhaps on no better grounds than those of the modern editor, a glimpse of the obliterated initials. Mr. Bullen has caught Davison at least once guessing, and guessing incorrectly. A poem signed I.D., by John Dickenson, he gives to Sir John Davies. The two poems signed with a cancelled M.F.G. he gives to Fulke Greville, but they are not in Greville's collected works and one of them is signed I.F. in the second edition of *Englands Helicon*. On the other

* See *The Library*, Sept. 1924, where J. W. Hebel makes out a good case for his editorship.

hand, he claims an anonymous poem rightly for Greville, so he did know something about him.

The relation between the texts is interesting. Though the editor of *EH* appears to have tampered a little with Ralegh's poem, as he has done with several others, in order to keep up the pastoral character of his book, his version and that of *PN* are virtually the same, and differ considerably in the third and fourth stanzas from the version shared by *RJ*, *H* and *D*. *A*22 has a mixture of both versions, in one case making an eight instead of a six-line stanza. An attempted emendation in l. 13 shows that it is a late and corrupt text. *PN* and *EH* read ' I praie thee saine '. By an error due to the long *s*, *RJ* and *D* read ' I prethee faine', and *A*22 tries to make sense of this by reading ' but do not faine '. Its variants are complicated, and I think not worth recording.

In EH the poem is printed as a dialogue between Melibeus *and* Faustus. 1. Now what is Loue] Sheepheard, what's Loue *EH*. 1. praie] will *RL*. 4. saucing] sounding *D*. 5. tols] rings *RL*. 7, 13, 19, 25. Yet] Now *RJ*, *D*. 13. I praie thee] good Sheepheard *EH*.

15. It is a gentle pleasing paine
16. A flower that dyes and springs againe
17. It is a noe that would full faine *RJ*, *D*.

18. as I heare saine] and not a staine *D*. 19. Sheepheard, what is Loue, I pray? *EH*. 20. It is a pretie shadie (shadow) waie *RJ*, *D*. 21. As well found out by night as daie *RJ*, *D*. 22. away] decaie *RJ*, *D*. 23. Then take the] Then Nimphs take *EH*. 25. Yet] Now *RL*. 25. I pray thee] good Sheepheard *EH*. I will you *RL*. 30 sweet friend I troe] as well I know *RJ*. 30. And Sheepheard this is loue I troe *EH*.

XXXVII. *PRAISD BE DIANAS FAIRE AND HARMLES LIGHT.*

The Phoenix Nest, 1593, p. 69, anon. *Englands Helicon*, 1600, sig. N 3 v., 'The Sheepheards praise of his sacred

Diana', signed Ignoto over S.W.R. (See the John Rylands copy.)

The general problem in connection with this poem has just been discussed. It is the first of the group of five in *The Phoenix Nest*, and it seems to me to be so much in Ralegh's manner that I regret the necessity of placing it among the doubtful poems.

10. She Mistresse-like makes all things to be pure *EH.*

XXXVIII. *SHALL I, LIKE AN HERMIT, DWELL.*

The London Magazine: or, Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer, 1734, p. 444. Four verses are printed here as 'A Poem by Sir W. Raleigh'. No source is mentioned.

The evidence of Ralegh's authorship is exceedingly slight. The poem is one of the several imitations which were provoked by George Wither's 'Shall I, wasting in despair'. The most likely date would seem to be some time after 1620 when the poem had been several times published. It had only appeared once before Ralegh's death in 1618, and then in a privately printed edition such as would not have a large circulation (*Fidelia*, 1615). It is just possible that Ralegh saw it before he embarked on his last voyage to Guiana, but even if he did, it is most improbable that he wrote an imitation in the glib style of the seventeenth century. The resemblance of the first line to 'Like to a Hermite poore' may well be the only grounds for the attribution.

XXXIX. *WHILES I ADMIRE, THY FIRST AND SECOND WAYES.*

Lithgow, *The Pilgrimes Farewell, To his Natiue Countrey of Scotland*, 1618, headed 'To his singular Friend, William Lithgow' and signed W.R.

Ritson was the first to note that Ralegh's initials are

subscribed to this very indifferent piece of commendatory verse. Beyond the initials there is nothing to connect him with it. Lithgow was a Scot, born in Lanark about 1582, a great traveller and a very bad poet. Though later he became famous on account of his maltreatment by the Spanish Inquisition, his patrons and his interests were in the North when he wrote *The Pilgrimes Farewell*, which was printed at Edinburgh the year that Ralegh died. Imprisoned in the Tower, prospecting in Guiana, fighting desperately for his life and good name, Ralegh in his last years had other things to occupy his mind than the writing of complimentary verses for an adventurous young Scot, whose 'singular Friend' he surely never was.

XL. *HERE LYES THE NOBLE WARRYOR THAT NEVER BLUNTED SWORD.*

MS Bridgewater, signed 'Wa: Ra:' and vouched for by J. P. Collier from whose transcript I print it. (See *A Bibl. and Crit. Account of the Rarest Books*, ii. 221, 222.) *MS Drummond* (*Dr.*), anon., quoted by Scott in a note on the death of Leicester in *Kenilworth*. *MS Ashmole* 38 (*Ash.*), p. 181, anon., headed 'On Sr Robert Dudley Earle of Warwicke and Leceister'.

Leicester, who died in Sept. 1588, was one of Ralegh's first patrons; but once established he had little to do with him and may well have held no higher opinion of him than the epitaph expresses. There is, however, only Collier's word for the existence of a signed copy among the *Bridgewater MSS.*

1. the noble Warryor] a valiant warriour *Dr.* the souldier *Ash.* 1. blunted sword] drew a (his) sword *Dr.*, *Ash.* 2. the noble] a noble *Dr.* that *Ash.* *Ash ends here.* 3. his Excellency] the Erle of Leister *Dr.* 3. all the State] the estates *Dr.* 4. Whom the earth could never living love / And the just Heaven now hates. *Dr.*

XLI. *HERE LIES HOBINALL, OUR PASTOR WHILE ERE.*

Francis Osborne, *Traditionall Memoyres on the raigne of King Iames*, 1658, p. 89, quoted as the work of an unknown author. John Shirley, *The Life Of the Valiant and Learned Sir Walter Ralegh*, 1677, p. 179, quoted from Osborne and ascribed to Ralegh. *MS Rawl. Poet.* 26 (*RP*), f. 78, ' Upon Sr Robert Cecill Earle of Salisbury and Ld Treasurer ', ' By Sr Walter Raleigh '. *MS Eng. Poet. e.* 14 (*EP*), f. 79, ' Vpon Sr R.C. Lord Treasurer ', anon.

Shirley says he had ' very good grounds ' for believing this epitaph to be by Ralegh, and Aubrey, who quotes a few lines imperfectly, adds ' This I had from old Sir Thomas Malett, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, who knew Sir Walter Ralegh, and did remember these passages ' (*MS Aubr.* 6, f. 78 v.). There is no doubt that Cecil's behaviour in 1603 gave Ralegh cause for deep resentment, for at best he abandoned a friend in dire straits and it is the opinion of many people that he had deliberately plotted his ruin. In the first draft of the *Petition to Queen Anne* there is a bitter complaint that friends are faithless. Beside it the present epitaph looks a wretched piece of scurrility and it is difficult to believe it is from the same pen and upon the same subject. I suggest that it is only popular fancy which has assigned the epitaph to Ralegh, a man known to be wronged and presumed to be resentful.

Cecil died on 24th May, 1612.

1. lies Hobinall] Hobinall lyes *RP*. 1. Pastor] Sheapheard *RP*, *EP*. 2. Quarter] twelue-month *RP*. 3, 4. The whilst neither Wolfe, nor Tyger feard we / A worse thing neuer came at vs, then Hee *RP*. *RP omits ll.* 2, 3. 3. And to content vs tyde his curre to a clogge *EP*. 4. ever after] of himselfe *EP*. 5. for Oblation] In his offerings *EP*. 5. custome] order *EP*. 6. He first] Himselfe *EP*. 7. His wisedome was such, as this prouydent Swayne *RP*. 7. Thus

with his wisdome this prudent swaine *EP.* 8. As kept him] kept hymself *RP, EP.* 10. Amarillis] 'Lady Walsingham his Concubine' *RP in the margin. EP inserts a couplet*: Who liuing noe lion or tiger did feare him / ffor noe beast was suffered to come a near him. 11. clapt] paid *RP, EP.*

XLII. *WHAT TEARES (DEARE PRINCE) CAN SERVE TO WATER ALL.*

MS Addit. 22,118, f. 31, 'A songe made by Sr Water Rawley'. This is evidently an elegy on Prince Henry and must have been written some time after his death in 1612, when Ralegh was finishing the first of the projected three books of his *History* with a lament that 'it hath pleased God to take that glorious Prince out of the world, to whom they were directed; whose vnspeakable and neuer enough lamented losse, hath taught mee to say with Iob, Versa est in Luctum Cithara mea, et Organum meum in vocem flentium'. The verses seem to me to lack the passionate quality of Ralegh's poetry, which is replaced with a smoothness and urbanity which was not in his character. The scribe, in assigning the poem to 'Water Rawley', may have had in mind the first line of a verse written against him, but sometimes stupidly ascribed to him:

> '*Water* thy plants with grace deuine, and hope to live for aye
> Then to thy fauour christe incline, to make him stedfast stay
> *Rawe* is the reason that doth *lye* within an Atheists head
> Which saith the soule of man doth dye, when that the boddies dead'.

This is subscribed 'Sr Wa: Raleigh' in *MS Ashmole* 781, p. 163.

12. Be reft] Bereft *in the MS.*

XLIII. *NOT CÆSARS BIRTH MADE CÆSAR TO SURVIVE.*

MS Sloane 1446, f. 24 v., 'Vertue the best monument', subscribed 'Sr Walt: Raleighe'. That the ascriptions in this MS are not trustworthy is shown by the fact that one of Wotton's poems is there ascribed to Ralegh. This poem seems to me doubtful for the same reason as the elegy on Prince Henry. It speaks with the easy accents of the seventeenth century to which Ralegh never quite attained.

2. aliue.] a liue *in the MS.* 5. whither] *a form of whether. The MS has no stop at the end of ll.* 2 *and* 8.

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